

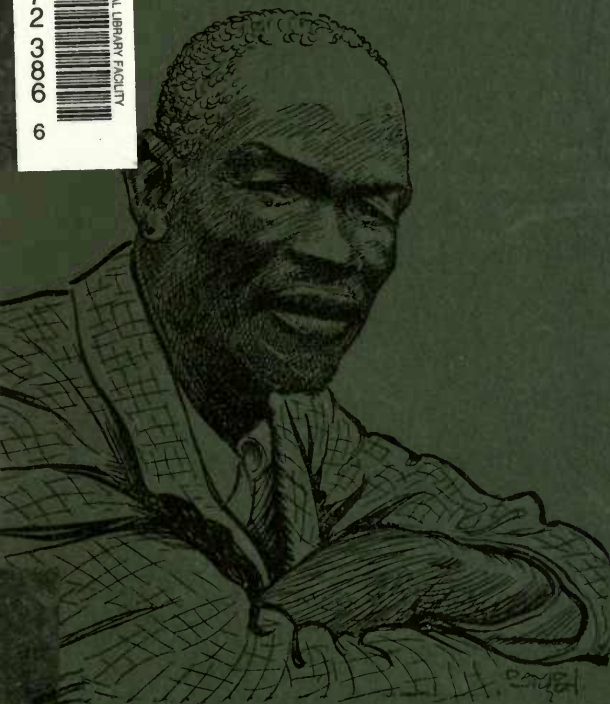
YARNS ON AFRICAN PIONEERS

TO BE TOLD TO BOYS

BY BASIL MATHEWS

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YARNS ON AFRICAN PIONEERS

TO BE TOLD TO BOYS

By

BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.

Author of "Yarns of South Sea Pioneers"

"Livingstone the Pathfinder"

"The Splendid Quest"

etc.

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PREFACE

THE first volume in the series of "YARNS," of which this book is the fourth, was a distinctly new experiment. Intended for the use of leaders and teachers of boys, especially those of the Brigade and Scout type, the Yarns have attempted so to present the high adventure and heroic romance, the colour, drama and movement of the missionary enterprise as to enthral the adolescent boy.

It has been proved that, just at the age when the new emotions of hero worship, space hunger, and sex instinct are bringing these boys into a new world, the heroic missionary material is ideally fitted for drawing out high emotions and interests, and lifting them toward a clean, unselfish and courageous manhood.

The present book of Yarns attempts to carry the experiment a stage further in method. In the three previous volumes (on the South Seas, China and India), first the Yarn has been told, and then the background—the teaching material, as it were—has been given in small type. The first idea was that the Yarn would be told simply with the maximum emotional impact and that the interest thus called up would stir the boys to ask questions. Practice has shown, however, that although the Yarn can be told, and told most effectively, from the platform just as it is printed, the total effect is very much greater—particularly in talking with smaller groups, *e.g.* with Brigade boys or Scouts round a camp fire or in a room—if a closer educational method is followed.

In the present book, therefore, the material in smaller type suggests in an introductory paragraph initial points of contact. This is followed by material for drawing the boys out by questions, and in other ways attempting to stimulate their mental hunger as well as their emotional interest. Supplementary material is for this reason interspersed in small type, at intervals, in the main body of the Yarn. It will, however, in all cases be found that the Yarn itself, as

printed in large type, runs in sequence without a break, so that the Yarn can be told without the use of the auxiliary material when it is necessary to do so, *e.g.* from the platform or the pulpit.

It should be reaffirmed that, though stranger than fiction, these Yarns are nevertheless in every case both historically true and accurate in detail. They are drawn from first-hand authorities, and in most cases from the actual letters and other writings of the men who went through the adventures described. These authorities are given in connection with each separate Yarn, but for the use of the leader the reading of one or two supplementary books on the subject of Africa as a whole is recommended, notably *The Future of Africa*, by Donald Fraser (all Missionary Societies, 1s. net) and *God's Image in Ebony*, by T. H. Darlow (all Missionary Societies, 7d. net).

This book of Yarns is not intended, of course, to go into the hands of the boys, but is for the use of the leader.

It will greatly add to the interest in group or class work to get a large brown-paper outline map of Africa,¹ and let the boys fill in the details as the Yarns proceed. All needed detail will be found in the small outline map on pages 94-5.

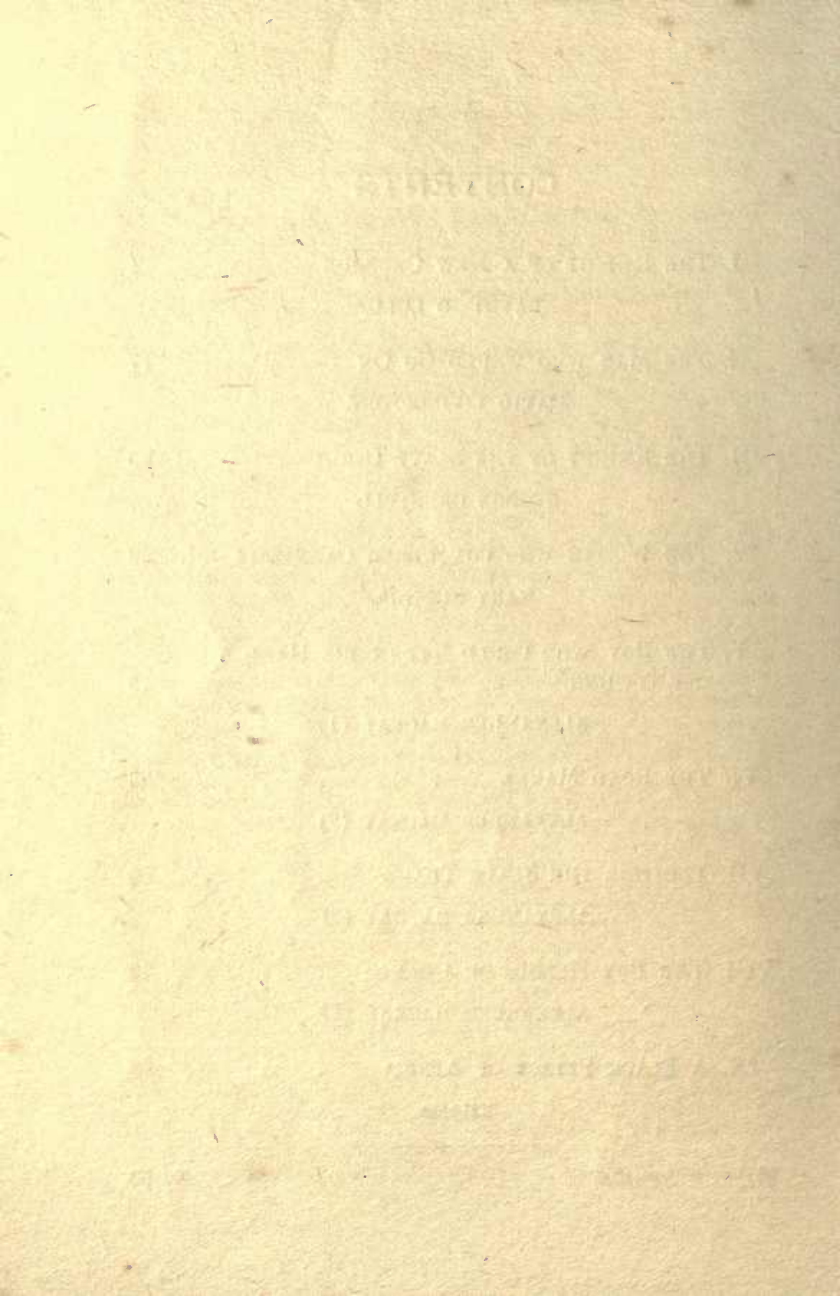
The leader should always aim at making his preliminary preparation for telling the Yarn so thorough that the use of the book is entirely unnecessary at the time of giving it. But the core of all preparation is that of the leader's own life; his manhood and attitude of spirit.

BASIL MATHEWS.

¹ From all Missionary Societies, or U.C.M.E. 3d. net, 5d. post free.

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I

The Knight of a New Crusade

Raymund Lull

(Dates, b. 1234, d. 1315)

LEADER'S AIM.

To show how a courage greater than that of the Crusaders was given to a pioneer called by God to carry the Gospel to North Africa.

INTRODUCTION.

The Crusades form the one historical subject that grips the interest of all boys. The Yarns can be introduced by asking the boys what they know about the Crusades and filling in the few needed details that they may be unable to supply. The main points are suggested here.

The Crusades were caused by the cruelty of the followers of Mohammed, the Moslem Turks, who believed that they could earn entrance into Paradise by slaying infidel Christians. The Moslems every day and five times a day turn their faces to Mecca in Arabia, saying, "There is no God but God: Mohammed is the Prophet of God." Allah (they believe) is wise and merciful to His own, but not holy, nor our Father, nor loving and forgiving, nor desiring pure lives. On earth and in Paradise women have no place save to serve men.

A little old man, barefooted and bareheaded and riding upon an ass, went through the cities and towns and villages of Europe, in the eleventh century, carrying—not a lance, but a crucifix. When he came near a town the word ran like a forest fire, "It is Peter the Hermit." All the people rushed out. Their hearts burned as they heard him tell how the tomb of Jesus Christ was in the hand of the Moslem Turk, of how Christians going to worship at His Tomb in Jerusalem were thrown into prison and scourged and slain. Knights sold lands and houses to buy horses and lances. Peasants threw down the axe and the spade for the pike and bow and arrows. Led by knights, on whose armour a red Cross was emblazoned, the people poured out in their millions for the first Crusade. It is said that in the spring of 1096 an "expeditionary force" of six million people was heading toward Palestine.

The first Crusade ended in the capture of Jerusalem (July 15, 1099), and Godfrey de Bouillon became King of Jerusalem, and the Christian

power held the land for half a century. The fortunes of Christian and Moslem ebbed and flowed for nearly two hundred years, during which time there were seven Crusades ending at the fall of Acre into the hands of the Turks in 1291.

The way of the sword had failed, though indeed the Crusades had probably been the means of preventing all Europe from being overrun by the Moslems. At the time when the last Crusade had begun a man was planning a new kind of Crusade, different in method but calling for just as much bravery as the old kind. We are going to hear his story now.

1. The Young Knight's Vision.

In the far-off days of the last of the Crusades, a knight of Majorca stood on the shore of his island home gazing over the sea. Raymund Lull from the beach of Palma Bay, where he had played as a boy, now looked out southward, where boats with their tall, rakish, brown sails ran in from the Great Sea.

The knight was dreaming of Africa which lay away to the south of his island. He had heard many strange stories from the sailors about the life in the harbours of that mysterious African seaboard; but he had never once in his thirty-six years set eyes upon one of its ports.

Bring out the brown-paper map ¹ and indicate on the extreme top edge of the paper where the Balearic Isles are. Show one or two of the ports of Africa to and from which ships sailed,—*e.g.* Bugia, Tunis.

It was the year when Prince Edward of England, out on the mad, futile adventure of the last Crusade, was felled by the poisoned dagger of an assassin in Nazareth, and when Eleanor (we are told) drew the poison from the wound with her own lips. Yet Raymund Lull, who was a knight so skilled that he could flash his sword and set his lance in rest with any of his peers, had not

¹ See Preface.

joined that Crusade. His brave father carried the scars of a dozen battles against the Moors. Yet when the last Crusade swept down the Mediterranean Lull stood aside; for he was himself planning a new Crusade of a kind unlike any that had gone before.

He dreamed of a Crusade not to the Holy Land but to Africa, where the Crescent of Mohammed ruled and where the Cross of Christ was never seen save when an arrogant Moslem drew a cross in the sand of the desert to spit upon it. It was the desire of Raymund Lull's life to sail out into those perilous ports and to face the fierce Saracens who thronged the cities. He longed for this as other knights panted to go out to the Holy Land as Crusaders. He was rich enough to sail at any time, for he was his own master. Why, then, did he not take one of the swift craft that rocked in the bay, and sail?

It was because he had not yet forged a sharp enough weapon for his new Crusade. His deep resolve was that at all costs he would "Be Prepared" for every counter-stroke of the Saracen whose tongue was as swift and sharp as his scimitar.

What powers do the boys think a man should have in order to convince fanatical Moslems, who knew their own sacred book—the Koran—very well, of the truth of Christianity? Control of his own temper, courage, patience, knowledge of the Moslem religion and of the Bible, suggest themselves.

2. The Preparation of Temper.

So Lull turned his back on the beach and on Africa, and plunged under the heavy shadows of the arched gateway through the city wall up the

narrow streets of Palma. A servant opened the heavy, studded door of his father's mansion—the house where Lull himself was born.

He hastened in and, calling to his Saracen slave, strode to his own room. The dark-faced Moor obediently came, bowed before his young master, and laid out on the table manuscripts that were covered with mysterious writing such as few people in Europe could read.

Lull was learning Arabic from this sullen Saracen slave. He was studying the Koran—the Bible of the Mohammedans—so that he might be able to strive with the Saracens on their own ground. For Lull knew that he must be master of all the knowledge of the Moslem if he was to win his battles; just as a knight in the fighting Crusades must be swift and sure with his sword. And this is how Lull spoke of the Crusade on which he was to set out.

"I see many knights," he said, "going to the Holy Land beyond the seas and thinking that they can acquire it by force of arms; but in the end all are destroyed before they attain that which they think to have. Whence it seems to me that the conquest of the Holy Land ought not to be attempted except in the way in which Christ and His Apostles achieved it, namely, by love and prayers, and the pouring out of tears and blood."

Suddenly, as he and the Saracen slave argued together, the Moor blurted out passionately a horrible blasphemy against the name of Jesus. Lull's blood was up. He leapt to his feet, leaned forward, and caught the Moor a swinging blow on the face with his hand. In a fury the Saracen

snatched a dagger from the folds of his robe and, leaping at Lull, drove it into his side. Raymund fell with a cry. Friends rushed in. The Saracen was seized and hurried away to a prison-cell, where he slew himself.

Lull, as he lay day after day waiting for his wound to heal and remembering his wild blow at the Saracen, realised that, although he had learned Arabic, he had not yet learned the first lesson of his own new way of Crusading—to be master of himself.

3. The Preparation of Courage.

So Raymund Lull (at home and in Rome and Paris) set himself afresh to his task of preparing. At last he felt that he was ready. From Paris he rode south-east through forest and across plain, over mountain and pass, till the gorgeous palaces and the thousand masts of Genoa came in sight.

He went down to the harbour and found a ship that was sailing across the Mediterranean to Africa. He booked his passage and sent his goods with all his precious manuscripts aboard. The day for sailing came. His friends came to cheer him. But Lull sat in his room trembling.

As he covered his eyes with his hands in shame, he saw the fiery, persecuting Saracens of Tunis, whom he was sailing to meet. He knew they were glowing with pride because of their triumphs over the Crusaders in Palestine. He knew they were blazing with anger because their brother Moors had been slaughtered and tortured in Spain. He saw ahead of him the rack, the thumb-screw, and the boot; the long years in a slimy dungeon

—at the best the executioner's scimitar. He simply dared not go.

The books were brought ashore again. The ship sailed without Lull.

"The ship has gone," said a friend to Lull. He quivered under a torture of shame greater than the agony of the rack. He was wrung with bitter shame that he who had for all these years prepared for this Crusade should now have shown the white feather. He was, indeed, a craven knight of Christ.

His agony of spirit threw him into a high fever that kept him in his bed.

Soon after he heard that another ship was sailing for Africa.

In spite of the protestations of his friends Lull insisted that they should carry him to the ship. They did so; but as the hour of sailing drew on his friends were sure that he was so weak that he would die on the sea before he could reach Africa. So—this time in spite of all his pleading—they carried him ashore again. But he could not rest and his agony of mind made his fever worse.

Soon, however, a third ship was making ready to sail. This time Lull was carried on board and refused to return.

The ship cast off and threaded its way through the shipping of the harbour out into the open sea.

"From this moment," said Lull, "I was a new man. All fever left me almost before we were out of sight of land."

4. The First Battle.

Passing Corsica and Sardinia, the ship slipped southward till at last she made the yellow coast

of Africa, broken by the glorious Gulf of Tunis. She dropped sail as she ran alongside the busy wharves of Goletta. Lull was soon gliding in a boat through the short ancient canal to Tunis, the mighty city which was head of all the Western Mohammedan world.

Show Tunis on the brown-paper map, and draw an arrow indicating the direction from which Lull had sailed. The precise journey could be followed on a small map of Europe and Africa.

He landed and found the place beside the great mosque where the grey-bearded scholars bowed over their Korans and spoke to one another about the law of Mohammed.

They looked at him with amazement as he boldly came up to them and said, "I have come to talk with you about Christ and His Way of Life, and Mohammed and his teaching. If you can prove to me that Mohammed is indeed *the* Prophet, I will myself become a follower of him."

The Moslems, sure of their case, called together their wisest men and together they declaimed to Lull what he already knew very well—the watchword that rang out from minaret to minaret across the roofs of the vast city as the first flush of dawn came up from the East across the Gulf. "There is no God but God; Mohammed is the Prophet of God."

"Yes," he replied, "the Allah of Mohammed is one and is great, but He does not love as does the Father of Jesus Christ. He is wise, but He does not do good to men like our God who so loved the world that He gave His Son Jesus Christ."

To and fro the argument swung till, after many

days, to their dismay and amazement the Moslems saw some of their number waver and—at last actually beginning to go over to the side of Lull. To forsake the Faith of Mohammed is—by their own law—to be worthy of death. A Moslem leader hurried to the Sultan of Tunis.

“See,” he said, “this learned teacher, Lull, is declaring the errors of the Faith. He is dangerous. Let us take him and put him to death.”

The Sultan gave the word of command. A body of soldiers went out, seized Lull, dragged him through the streets, and threw him into a dark dungeon to wait the death sentence.

But another Moslem who had been deeply touched by Lull’s teaching craved audience with the Sultan.

“See,” he said, “this learned man Lull—if he were a Moslem—would be held in high honour, being so brave and fearless in defence of his Faith. Do not slay him. Banish him from Tunis.”

So when Lull in his dungeon saw the door flung open and waited to be taken to his death he found to his surprise that he was led from the dungeon through the streets of Tunis, taken along the canal, thrust into the hold of a ship, and told that he must go in that ship to Genoa and never return. But the man who had before been afraid to sail from Genoa to Tunis, now escaped unseen from the ship that would have taken him back to safety in order to risk his life once more. He said to himself the motto he had written: “HE WHO LOVES NOT, LIVES NOT; HE WHO LIVES BY THE LIFE CANNOT DIE.” He was not afraid now even of martyrdom. He hid among the wharves and gathered

his converts about him to teach them more and more about Christ.

5. The Last Fight.

At last, however, seeing that he could do little in hiding, Lull took ship to Naples. After many adventures during a number of years, in a score of cities and on the seas, the now white-haired Lull sailed into the curved bay of Bugia farther westward along the African coast. (*See map.*) In the bay behind the frowning walls the city with its glittering mosques climbed the hill. Behind rose two glorious mountains crowned with the dark green of the cedar. And, far off, like giant Moors wearing white turbans, rose the distant mountain peaks crowned with snow.

Lull passed quietly through the arch of the city gateway which he knew so well, for among other adventures he had once been imprisoned in this very city. He climbed the steep street and found a friend who hid him away. There for a year Lull taught in secret till he felt that the time had come for him to go out boldly and dare death itself.

One day the people in the market-place of Bugia heard a voice ring out that seemed to some of them strangely familiar. They hurried toward the sound. There stood the old hero with arm uplifted declaring, in the full blaze of the North African day, the Love of God shown in Jesus Christ His Son.

The Saracens murmured. They could not answer his arguments. They cried to him to stop, but his voice rose ever fuller and bolder. They rushed on him, dragged him by the cloak out of the market-place, down the streets, under the arch-

way to a place beyond the city walls. There they threw back their sleeves, took up great jagged stones and hurled these grim messengers of hate at the Apostle of Love, till he sank senseless to the ground.¹

It was word for word over again the story of Stephen; the speech, the wild cries of the mob, the rush to the place beyond the city wall, the stoning.²

Did Lull accomplish anything? He was dead; but he had conquered, He had conquered his old self. For the Lull who had, in a fit of temper, smitten his Saracen slave now smiled on the men who stoned him; and the Lull who had showed the white feather of fear at Genoa, now defied death in the market-place of Bugia. And in that love and heroism, in face of hate and death, he had shown men the only way to conquer the scimitar of Mohammed, "the way in which Christ and His Apostles achieved it, namely, by love and prayers, and the pouring out of tears and blood."

Let one of the boys mark Bugia with a small red cross. This should be kept through the Yarns as a symbol of a man or woman having died heroically for Africa. When this has been done the leader might read quietly to the boys the verses, Acts vii. 54-60.

¹ June 30, 1315.

² Acts vi. 8—vii. 60.

II

The Man who would Go On

David Livingstone

(Dates, b. 1813, d. 1873)

LEADER'S AIM.

To show the power of valiant faith and love to conquer hate and destroy evils.

INTRODUCTION.

Spread out the brown paper outline map of Africa. Ask the boys how much of it they could fill in. They will know the great rivers—Nile, Niger, Congo, Zambesi—and will probably be able to fill in the divisions of South Africa: some will have a knowledge of the taking over of the German Colonies in Africa and the place of the Belgian Congo territory, etc.

Point out that the greatest dunce among them knows infinitely more about Africa than all the wisest geographers in the world did seventy-five years ago. Then men only knew the coast—inland from the Cape on the South up to the Kalahari Desert, and up the Nile and to the Sahara on the North; and the Niger. Some men believed that all in between was one vast desert as big as Europe, India and China all together. Show the boys the old map of Africa in *God's Image in Ebony* (facing page 14) and the map of Europe, India, etc., superimposed on Africa in *Livingstone the Pathfinder* (facing page 173).

There was a man who discovered ten times more about Africa than all the explorers together had found out before him. Do the boys know his name? Probably most of the boys will fix on him at once.

Do they know what David Livingstone was like as a boy? The son of a poor man—a tea-hawker—David went to work as a small boy at a mill. Used to learn his grammar at the machine at which he worked. Fascinated by reading about a pioneer Prussian missionary doctor in China—Dr Gutzlaff—he worked at the mill to earn enough money to pay for being trained as a doctor, and offered himself to the London Missionary Society, who sent him out to Africa. Landed at the Cape, travelled by bullock wagon to Kuruman, and was always pressing on to get farther into the interior. He crossed the Kalahari Desert (the first white man to do so) and

discovered Lake Ngami, and found out that the heart of Africa was not desert but "a land full of rivers and many trees." No man who ever lived had more adventures than Livingstone or was a greater explorer.¹ But he did not go to Africa for adventures. Why did he go? "I go to Africa," he said, "to try to make an open path for commerce and for Christianity."

He found a terrible enemy in his path. What was it? Do any of the boys know? The Apollyon of Africa—slave-raiding and slave-trading, through which the Arabs and Portuguese captured tens of thousands of negroes, burning their villages, slaying those who resisted, shackling the others and marching them off to sell them into slavery. Livingstone was the Greatheart to fight this Apollyon. We are going to hear a story of how he fought.

1. The Skull in the Grass.

There was a deathly stillness in the hot African air as two bronzed Scots strode along the narrow forest path.

The one, a young, keen-eyed doctor,² glanced quickly through the trees and occasionally turned aside to pick some strange orchid and to slip it into his collecting case. The other strode steadily along with that curious, "resolute forward tread" of his.³ He was David Livingstone. Behind them came a string of African bearers carrying in bundles on their heads the tents and food of the explorers.

Suddenly, with a crunch, Livingstone's heel went through a white object half hidden in the long grass—a thing like an ostrich's egg. He

¹ It might be well for the boys to have a copy of *Livingstone the Pathfinder* to hand round among themselves after hearing this Yarn.—EDITOR.

² Dr Kirk, now Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., who, leaning upon his African ebony stick and gazing with his now dimmed eyes into the glow of the fire, told me many stories of his adventures with Livingstone on his Zambesi journeyings, including this one.

³ A friend of mine asked a very old African in Matabeleland whether—as a boy—he remembered Dr Livingstone. "Oh yes," replied the aged Matabele, "he came into our village out of the bush walking thus," and the old man got up and stumped along, imitating the determined tread of Livingstone, which, after sixty years, was the one thing he remembered.

stooped—and his strong, bronzed face was twisted with mingled sorrow and anger, as, looking into the face of his younger friend, he gritted out between his clenched teeth, "The slave-raiders again!"

It was the whitening skull of an African boy.

2. On the Trail of the Slave-raider.

For weeks those two Britons had driven their little steamer (the *Asthmatic* they called her, because of her wheezing engines) up the Zambesi¹ and were now exploring its tributary the Shiré.²

Have these rivers pointed out on a map. One boy with a special keenness on maps should be told off to take the brown paper map home and draw Livingstone's early journeys—or all his journeys—on them from, e.g., the map at the end of *Livingstone the Pathfinder*.

Each morning, before they could start the ship's engines, they had been obliged to take poles and push from between the paddles of the wheels the dead bodies of Africans—men, women, and children—slain bodies which had floated down from the villages that the Arab slave-raiders had burned and sacked. Livingstone was out on the long, bloody trail of the slaver, the trail that stretched on and on into the heart of Africa where no white man had ever been.

This negro boy's skull, whitening on the path, was only one more link in the long, sickening shackle-chain of slavery that girdled down-trodden Africa.

The two men strode on. The forest path

¹ Zam-bay-see.

² Shee-ray.

opened out to a broad clearing. They were in an African village. But no voice was heard and no step broke the horrible silence. It was a village of death. The sun blazed on the charred heaps which now marked the sites of happy African homes; the gardens were desolate and utterly destroyed. The village was wiped out. Those who had submitted were far away, trudging through the forest, under the lash of the slaver; those who had been too old to walk or too brave to be taken without fight were slain.

The heart of Livingstone burned with one great resolve—he would track this foul thing into the very heart of Africa and then blazon its horrors to the whole world.

The two men trudged back to the river bank again. Now, with their brown companions, they took the shallow boat that they had brought on the deck of the *Asthmatic*, and headed still farther up the Shiré river from the Zambesi toward the unknown Highlands of Central Africa.

3. Facing Spears and Arrows.

Only the sing-song chant of the Africans as they swung their paddles, and the frightened shriek of a glittering parrot, broke the stillness as the boat pushed northward against the river current. Dr Kirk sat in the stern with one hand on the tiller and one leg thrown lazily up on the edge of the boat.

Suddenly the water heaved as though a volcanic island had been flung up from the bed of the river. Two wicked gleaming eyes glared and there opened a hideous red crater. A hungry

hippopotamus opened his enormous jaws. The lower jaw was under the boat, the upper jaw, with its rim of ghastly teeth, was over Dr Kirk's thigh. In a second the boat would surely be smashed like an egg-shell and Dr Kirk's leg torn away like a twig.

But to the amazement of the horror-stricken men, the vast jaws swung aside, and the hippopotamus sullenly sunk in the river, not to be seen again.

In a solemn and awed voice one of the negroes turned to Dr Kirk and said, "It is God's providence only!"

The paddles flashed again, and as the boat came round a curve in the river they were faced by a sight that made every man sit, paddle in hand, motionless with horror. The bank facing them in the next curve of the river was black with men. The ranks of savages bristled with spears and arrows. A chief yelled to them to turn back. Then a cloud of arrows flew over the boat.

"Go on," said Livingstone quietly to the Africans. Their paddles took the water and the boat leapt toward the savage semi-circle on the bank. The water was shallower now. Before any one realized what was happening Livingstone had swung over the edge of the boat and, up to his waist in water, was wading ashore with his arms above his head.

"It is peace!" he called out, and waded on toward the barbs of a hundred arrows and spears. The men in the boat sat breathless, waiting to see

their leader fall with a score of spears through his body. But the savages on the bank were transfixed with amazement at Livingstone's sheer audacity. Awed by something godlike in this unflinching and unarmed courage, no finger let fly a single arrow.

"You think," he called to the chief, "that I am a slave-raider." For Livingstone knew that he had never in all his wanderings been attacked by Africans save where they had first been infuriated by the cruel raiders.

The chief scowled.

"See," cried Livingstone, baring his arm to show his white skin as he again and again had done when threatened by Africans, "is this the colour of the men who come to make slaves and to kill?"

The savages gazed with astonishment. They had never before seen so white a skin.

"No," Livingstone went on, "this is the skin of the tribe that has heart toward the African."

Almost unconsciously the men had dropped the spear points and arrow heads as he was speaking. The chief listened while Livingstone, who was now on the bank, told the savages how he had come across the great waters from a far-off land with a message of peace and goodwill.

Unarmed and with a dauntless heroism the "white man who would go on" had won a great victory over that tribe. He now passed on in his boat up the river and over rapids toward the wonderful shining Highlands in the heart of Africa.

4. The Man who would Go On.

Dr Kirk was recalled to England by the British Government; but Livingstone trudged on in increasing loneliness over mountains and across rivers and lakes, plunging through marshes, racked a score of times with fever, robbed of his medicines, threatened again and again by the guns of the slave-raiding Arabs and the spears and clubs of savage head-hunters, bearing on his bent shoulders the Cross of the negroes' agony—slavery, till at last, alone and on his knees in the dead of night, our Greatheart crossed his last River, into the presence of his Father in heaven.

Yet still, though his body was dead, his spirit would go on. For the life Livingstone lived, the death he died, and the record he wrote of the slave-raiders' horrible cruelties thrilled all Britain to heal that "open sore of the world." Queen Victoria made Dr Kirk her consul at Zanzibar, and told him to make the Sultan of Zanzibar order all slave-trading through that great market to cease. And to-day, because of David Livingstone, through all the thousands of miles of Africa over which he trod, no man dare lay the shackles of slavery on another. To-day, where Livingstone saw the slave-market in Zanzibar, a grand cathedral stands, built by negro hands, and in that cathedral you may hear the negro clergy reading such words as—

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
Make His paths straight,"

and African boys singing in their own tongue

words that sum up the whole life of David Livingstone.

“He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted,
To preach deliverance to the captives.”

Why did Livingstone face all the anguish? He often said that he became a missionary doctor because “God had an only Son and He was a missionary and a physician.”

Before leaving England for the last time Livingstone said, “I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work I have begun. I LEAVE IT WITH YOU.”

SOURCES.

Blaikie, *Personal Life of David Livingstone*. (Murray, 1s. 6d. net.)
Mathews, *Livingstone the Pathfinder*. (Milford, 3s. net.)

III

The Knight of the Slave Girls

George Grenfell

(Dates, b. 1849, d. 1906)

LEADER'S AIM.

To suggest the power of strong, protective, heroic love to break down fear and hatred in savage people.

INTRODUCTION.

When Livingstone lay dying in his hastily-built hut, with his black companions Susi and Chumah attending him, almost his last words were, "How far away is the Luapula?"

He knew that the river to which the Africans gave that name was only a short distance away and that it flowed northward. He thought that it might be the upper reaches of the Nile, which had been sought by men through thousands of years, but which none had ever explored. Livingstone died in that hut (1873) and never knew what Stanley, following in his footsteps, discovered later (1876-7), viz., that the Luapula was really the upper stretch of the Congo, the second largest river in the world (3000 miles long), flowing into the Atlantic. The basin of the Congo would cover the whole of Europe from the Black Sea to the English Channel.

(The map exercise for this week might be the insertion by a boy of the main course of the Congo on the brown paper map. Another boy might draw the Congo to scale on a penny outline map of Europe.¹)

In the year when Livingstone died, and before Stanley started to explore the Congo, a young man, who had been thrilled by reading the travels of Livingstone, sailed to the West Coast of Africa to the Kameruns.

His name was George Grenfell, a Cornish boy (born at Sancreed, four miles from Penzance, August 21, 1849), who was brought up in Birmingham, and was an old King Edward's School boy. He was apprenticed at fifteen to a firm of hardware and machinery dealers. Here he picked up, as a lad, some knowledge of machinery that helped him later on the Congo, whither he was sent by the

¹ As on page 27 of *God's Image in Ebony*.

Baptist Missionary Society. He had been thrilled to meet at Bristol College, where he was trained for his missionary work, a thin, worn, heroic man of tried steel, Alfred Saker, the great Kamerun missionary, and Grenfell leapt for joy to go out to the dangerous West Coast of Africa, where he worked hard, teaching the Africans to make tables and bricks and to print and read, healing them and preaching to them.

When Stanley came down the Congo to the sea and electrified the world by the story of the great river, Grenfell and his Society conceived the daring and splendid plan of starting a chain of mission stations right from the mouth of the Congo eastward across Africa. In 1878 Grenfell was on his way up the river—travelling along narrow paths flanked by grass often fifteen feet high, and crossing swamps and rivers, till after thirteen attempts and in eighteen months he reached Stanley Pool, February 1881. [*Mark in map.*] A thousand miles of river lay between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls, and even above Stanley Falls lay thirteen hundred miles of navigable river. Canoes were perilous. Hippopotami upset them, and men were dragged down and eaten by crocodiles. They must have a steamer right up there beyond the Falls in the very heart of Africa.

Grenfell went home to England, and the steamer *Peace* was built on the Thames, Grenfell watching everything being made from the crank to the funnel. She was built, launched, and tried on the Thames; then taken to pieces and packed in 800 packages, weighing 65 lbs. each, and taken to the mouth of the Congo. On the heads and shoulders of a thousand men the whole ship and the food of the party was carried past the rapids, over a thousand miles along narrow paths, in peril of snakes and leopards and enemy savages, over streams crossed by bridges of vine-creepers, through swamps, across ravines.

Grenfell's engineer, who was to have put the ship together, died. At last they reached Stanley Pool. Grenfell with eight negroes started to try to build the ship. It was a tremendous task. Grenfell said the *Peace* was "prayed together." It was prayer and hard work and gumption. At last the ship was launched, steam was up, the *Peace* began to move. "She lives, master, she lives!" shouted the excited Africans.

A thousand thrilling adventures came to him as he steamed up and down the river, teaching and preaching, often in the face of poisoned arrows and spears. We are now going to hear the story of one adventure.

I. The Steamer's Journey.

The crocodiles drowsily dosing in the slime of the Congo river bank stirred uneasily as a strange sound broke the silence of the blazing African morning. They lifted their heavy jaws and swung their heads down stream. Their beady

eyes caught sight of a Thing mightier than a thousand crocodiles. It was pushing its way slowly up stream.

The sound was the throb of the screw of a steamer from whose funnel a light ribbon of smoke floated across the river. An awning shaded the whole deck from bow to stern. On the top of the awning, under a little square canopy, stood a tall young negro; the muscles in his sturdy arms and his broad shoulders rippled under his dark skin as the wheel swung round in his swift, strong hands.¹

The steamer drove up stream while the crocodiles, startled by the wash of the boat, slid sullenly down the bank and dived.

A short, bearded man, dressed in white duck, stood on deck at the bows, where the steamer's name, *Peace*, was painted. His name was George Grenfell. His keen eyes gleamed through the spectacles that rested on his strong, arched nose. By his side stood his wife, looking out up the river. They were searching for the landing-place and the hut-roofs of some friendly river-side town.

At last as the bows swung round the next bend in the river they saw a village. The Africans rushed to the bank and hurriedly pushed out their tree-trunk canoes. Grenfell shouted an order. A bell rang. The screw stopped and the steamer lay-to while he climbed down into the ship's canoe and was paddled ashore. The wondering people pushed and jostled around them to see this strange man with his white face.

¹ For photograph of the pilot, see facing page 294, Hawker's *Life of Grenfell*, or page 6 of *A Hero of the Congo*, by Archibald Rae.

2. The Slave Girls.

As they walked up among the huts, speaking with the men of the town, Grenfell came to an open space. As his quick eyes looked about he saw two little girls standing bound with cords. They were tethered like goats to a stake. Their little faces and round eyes looked all forlorn. Even the wonder of the strange bearded white man hardly kept back the tears that filled their eyes.

"What are these?" he asked, turning to the chief.

The African pointed up the river. Grenfell's heart burned in him, as the chief told how he and his men had swept up the river in their canoes armed with their spears and bows and arrows and had raided another tribe.

"And these," said the chief, pointing to the girls, who began to wonder what was going to happen, "these are two girls that we captured. They are some of our booty. They are slaves. They are tied there till someone will come and buy them."

Grenfell could not resist the silent call of their woeful faces. Quickly he gave beads and cloth to the chief, and took the little girls back with him down to the river bank. As they jumped into the canoe to go aboard the *S.S. Peace*, the two girls wondered what this strange new master would do with them. Would he be cruel? Yet his eyes looked kind through those funny, round, shining things balanced on his nose.

The girls at once forgot all their sorrows when

they jumped on board this wonderful river monster. They felt it shiver and throb and begin to move. The bank went farther and farther away. The *Peace* had again started up stream.

The girls stood in wonder and gazed with open eyes as the banks slid past. They saw the birds all green and red flashing along the surface of the water, and the huge hippopotami sullenly plunging into the river like the floating islands of earth that sail down the Congo. Their quick eyes noted the quaint iguana, like giant lizards, sunning themselves on the branches of the trees over the stream and then dropping like stones into the stream as the steamer passed.

3. The Slave Girl's Brother.

Then, suddenly, as they came round a bend in the river, all was changed. There ahead Grenfell saw a river town. The canoes were being manned rapidly by warriors. The bank bristled with spears in the hands of ferocious savages, whose faces were made horrible by gashes and loathsome tattooing. In each canoe men stood with bows in their hands and arrows drawn to the head. The throb of the engines ceased. The ship slowed up. But the canoes came on.

The men of this Congo town only knew one thing. Enemies had, only a few weeks earlier, come from down-river, had raided their town, burned their huts, killed many of their braves, and carried away their children. Here were men who had also come from down the river. They must, therefore, be enemies.

Their chief shouted an order. In an instant

a score of spears hurtled at the ship and rattled on the steel screens around the deck. The yell of the battle-cry of the tribe echoed and re-echoed down the river.

Grenfell was standing by the little girls. Suddenly one of them with dancing eyes shouted and waved her arms.

"What is it?" cried Grenfell to her.

"See—see!" she cried, pointing to a warrior in a canoe who was just poising a spear, "that is my brother! That is my brother! This is my town!"

"Call to him," said Grenfell.

Her thin childish voice rang out. But no one heard it among the warriors. Again she cried out to her brother. The only answer was a hail of spears and arrows.

Ask the boys how they would have dealt with this situation. To fly was to lose the day, for Grenfell wanted to win the people. For the same reason to fight would have been equally fatal to Grenfell's plans.

Grenfell turned rapidly and shouted an order to the engineer. Instantly a shriek, more wild and piercing than the combined yells of the whole tribe, rent the air. Again the shriek went up. The warriors stood transfixed with spear and arrow in hand like statues in ebony. There was a moment's intense and awful silence. They had never before heard the whistle of a steamer!

"Shout again—quickly," whispered Grenfell to the little African girl.

In a second the child's shrill voice rang out in the silence across the water, crying first her brother's name, and then her own.

The astonished warrior dropped his spear, caught up his paddle and—in a few swift strokes—drove his canoe towards the steamer. His astonishment at seeing his sister aboard overcame all his dread of this shrieking, floating island that moved without sails or paddles.

Quickly she told her story of how the strange white man in the great canoe that smoked had found her in the village of their enemies, had saved her from slavery, and—now, had brought her safely home again. The story passed from lip to lip. Every spear and bow and arrow was dropped.

The girls were quickly put ashore, and as Grenfell walked up the village street every warrior who had but a few moments before been seeking his blood was now gazing at this strange friend who had brought back to the tribe the daughters whom they thought they had lost for ever.

Grenfell went on with his work in face of fever, inter-tribal fighting, slave-raiders, the horrors of wife and slave-slaughter at funerals, witch-killing—and in some ways worse still, the horrible cruelties of the Belgian rubber-traders—for over a quarter of a century.

In June 1906, accompanied by his negro companions, he lay at Yalembe, sick with fever. Two of the Africans wrote a letter for help to other missionaries:

"We are very sorrow," they wrote, "because our Master is very sick. So now we beging you one of you let him come to help Mr Grenfell please. We think now is near to die, but we don't know how to do with him. Yours,

DISASI MAKULO,
MASCOO LUVUSU."

To-day all up the fifteen hundred miles of Congo waterway the power of the work done by Grenfell and the men who came with him and after him has changed all the life. Gone are the slave-raiders, the inter-tribal wars, the cruelties of the white men, along that line. There stand instead negroes who can make bricks, build houses, turn a lathe; engineers, printers, bookbinders, blacksmiths, carpenters, worshipping in churches built with their own hands. But beyond, and among the myriad tributaries and the vast

forests millions of men have never yet even heard of the love of God in Jesus Christ, and still work their hideous cruelties.

So Grenfell, like Livingstone, opened a door. It stands open. Men are wanted to enter it.

SOURCES.

Life of George Grenfell, by G. Hawker. (R.T.S., 6s. net.)

*The Story of the "Peace."*¹ (B.M.S., 3d.)

A Hero of the Congo, by A. Rae. (B.M.S., 1d. net.)

George Grenfell and the Congo, by Sir Harry Johnston. (B.M.S., 10s. 6d. net.)

¹ Out of print.

IV

The Woman who conquered Cannibals

Mary Slessor

(Dates, b. 1848, d. 1915)

LEADER'S AIM.

To show how God perfects His strength in weakness.

INTRODUCTION.

The opening of this Yarn is of a character that makes its own introduction. The material may be too long for use in some groups as one Yarn. In that case, it may easily be divided at the end of Section II.

Mary Slessor has a secure place among the world's heroines of the order of Florence Nightingale and Sister Dora, but, more than either of these, she is essentially a boy's heroine. In conveying the amazing quality of her courage it is necessary to show her intense shyness and nervousness controlled by a devotion that gave her—a frail little woman—a command over ferocious and bestial savages and an absolute fearlessness in peril, such as Livingstone himself never surpassed. The main outline of her life is as follows:—

Born in Aberdeen, December 2, 1848, Mary Slessor was the daughter of a Scottish shoemaker. Her mother was a gentle and sweet-faced woman. After her father's death Mary was the mainstay of the home. Working in a weaving shed in Dundee (whither the family moved when Mary was eleven) she—like Livingstone—educated herself while at her machine. On her conversion she launched into work among the wild larrikins of the slums. She offered herself to the Foreign Mission Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland, and sailed in 1876 to Calabar, West Africa.

For twelve years she worked at the centre of the mission in Calabar and then flung herself into pioneer work among the terrible tribe of Okoyong. No one had ever been able to influence them. They defied British administration. For fifteen years she strove there, and won a power over the ferocious Okoyong savages such as no one has ever wielded. "I'm a wee, wee wife," she said, "no very bookit, but I grip on well none the less."

At the age of fifty-four she pushed on to the west of the Cross river to the slave-raiding Aros tribe and the Ibos and Ibibios, tribes

that offered human sacrifices, winning her way into the fiercest villages, lighting in each place her little beacon fire of Christian life, building her little mud and thatch mission-station, bringing up an African teacher from the central mission, and then again pushing on.

When she was sixty-two, men came from Ikpe—two days' journey away—to call her to teach them. Racked with sickness and worn to a thread she went on, and again—after strenuous struggles against twin murder and ordeal by poison—she had lighted her beacon in Ikpe. At last, on a hilltop near-by at Odoro Ikpe, she settled in an isolated government rest-house, a rough shanty entered by a hen-ladder. She was surrounded by villages and towns that refused to hear anyone. Too weak to walk, she was wheeled in a chair by some of her "twins," now grown to strong children, through the bush to one wild town after another till her influence had opened every place within her reach.

At last, under the shadow of the Great War, on January 13, 1915, she died, mourned by the natives over the 2000 square miles where her influence spread—"the good White Ma who had lived alone."

I.—THE MILL-GIRL.

1. The Calabar Girls at the Station.

As the train from the south slowed down in Waverley Station, Edinburgh, one day in 1898, a black face, with eyes wide open with wonder, appeared at the window. The carriage door opened and a little African girl was handed down on to the platform.

The people on the station stopped to glance at the strange negro face. But as a second African girl a little older than the first stepped from the carriage to the platform, and a third, and then a fourth black girl appeared, the cabmen and porters stood staring in amused curiosity.

Who was that strange woman (they asked one another), short and slight, with a face like yellow parchment and with short, straight brown hair, who smiled as she gathered the little tribe of African girls round her on the railway platform?

The telegraph boys and the news-boys gazed

at her in astonishment. But they would have been transfixed with amazement if they had known a tenth of the wonder of the story of that heroic woman who, just as simply as she stood there on the Waverley platform, had mastered cannibals, conquered wild drunken chiefs brandishing loaded muskets, had faced hunger and thirst under the flaming heat and burning fevers of Africa, and walked unscathed by night through forests haunted by ferocious leopards, to triumph over regiments of frenzied savages drawn up for battle, had rescued from death hundreds of baby twins thrown out to be eaten by ants—and had now brought home to Scotland from West Africa four of these her rescued children.

Still more would those Scottish boys at Waverley Station have wondered, as they gazed on the little woman and her group of black children, if they had known that the woman who had done these things, Mary Slessor, had been a Scottish factory girl, who had toiled at her weaving machine from six in the morning till six at night amid the whirr of the belts, the flash of the shuttles, the rattle of the looms, and the roar of the great machines.

2. The Call to Africa.

Like Livingstone, she taught herself with her book propped up on the machine at which she worked. She read his travels and heard the stories of his fight against slavery for Africa, till he became her hero.

One day the news flashed round the world: "Livingstone is dead. His heart is buried in

Central Africa." Mary had thrilled as she read the story of his heroic and lonely life. Now he had fallen. She heard in her heart the words that he had spoken :

"I go to Africa to try to make an open door . . . ; do you carry out the work which I have begun. I LEAVE IT WITH YOU."

As Mary sat, tired with her week's work, in her pew in the church on Sunday, and thought of Livingstone's call to Africa, she saw visions of far-off places of which she heard from the pulpit and read in her magazines—visions of a steaming river on the West Coast of Africa where the alligators slid from the mud banks into the water ; visions of the barracoons on the shore in which the captured negroes were penned as they waited for the slave-ships ; pictures of villages where trembling prisoners dipped their hands in boiling oil to test their guilt, and wives were strangled to go with their dead chief into the spirit-land ; visions of the fierce chiefs who could order a score of men to be beheaded for a cannibal feast and then sell a hundred more to be hounded away into the outer darkness of slavery—the Calabar where the missionaries of her church were fighting the black darkness of the most savage people of the world.

Mary Slessor made up her mind to go out and give her whole life to Africa. So she offered herself, a timorous girl who could not cross a field with a cow in it, as a missionary for cannibal Calabar.

(Mark Calabar on the brown paper map and show the route from Britain on a general map.)

To-day over two thousand square miles of forest and rivers, the dark savages, as they squat at night in the forest around their palaver-fires, tell one another stories of the Great-White-Ma-Who-Lived-Alone, and the stories they tell are like these.

II.—THE HEALING OF THE CHIEF.

I. Through the Forest in the Rain.

A strange quiet lay over all the village by the river. For the chief lay ill in his hut. The Calabar people were waiting on the tip-toe of suspense. For if the chief died many of them would be slain to go with him into the spirit-world—his wives and some of his soldiers and slaves.

Suddenly a strange African woman, who had come over from another village, entered the chief's harem. She spoke to the wives of the chief, saying, "There lives away through the forest at Ekenge a white Ma who can cast out by her magic the demons who are killing your chief. My son's child was dying, but the white Ma¹ saved her and she is well to-day. Many other wonders has she done by the power of her juju. Let your chief send for her and he will not die."

There was silence and then eager chattering, for the women knew that their very lives depended on the chief getting well. If he died, they would be killed.

¹ The African uses the word "Ma" as mother, (a) to name a woman after her eldest son, *e.g.* Mrs Livingstone was called Ma-Robert; and (b) as in this case, for a woman whom they respect.

They sent in word to the chief about the strange white Ma.

"Let her be sent for," he ordered. "Send a bottle and four rods (value about a shilling) and messengers to ask her to come."

All through the day the messengers hurried over stream and hill, through village after village and along the forest paths till at last, after eight hours' journey, they came to the village of Ekenge. Going to the courtyard of the chief they told him the story of their sick chief, and their desire that the white Ma who lived in his village should come and heal him.

"She will say for herself what she will do," said the chief.

So he sent a messenger to Mary Slessor. She soon came over from her little house to learn what was needed of her.

The story of the sick chief was again told.

"What is the matter with your chief?" asked Mary Slessor. Blank faces and nodding heads showed that they knew nothing at all.

"I must go to him," she declared. She knew that the way was full of perils, and that she might be killed by warriors and wild beasts; but she knew too that, if she did not go and if the chief died, hundreds of lives might be sacrificed.

Chief Edem said, "There are warriors out in the woods and you will be killed. You must not go."

Ma Eme, a tall fat African widow of Ekenge village, who loved Mary Slessor, said, "No, you must not go. The streams are deep; the rains are come. You could never get there."

But Mary Slessor said, "*I must go.*"

"Then I will send women with you to look after you, and men to protect you," said Chief Edem.

Mary Slessor went back to her house to prepare to start on her long dangerous journey in the morning. She could not sleep for wondering whether she was indeed right to risk her life and all her work on the off-chance of saving this distant sick chief. She knelt down and asked God to guide her. Then she felt in her heart that she must go.

In the morning at dawn a guard of Ekenge women came to her door.

"The men will join us outside the village," they said.

The skies were grey. The rain was falling as they started. When the village lay behind them the rain began to pour in sheets. It came down as only an African rain can, unceasing torrents of pitiless deluge. Soon Mary Slessor's soaked boots became impossible to walk in. She took them off and threw them into the bush; then her stockings went, and she ploughed on in the mud in her bare feet.

They had walked for three hours when, as the weather began to clear, Mary Slessor came out into a market-place for neighbouring villages. The hundreds of Africans who were bartering in the market-place turned and stared at the strange white woman who swiftly passed through their midst and disappeared into the bush beyond.

So she pressed on for hour after hour, her head throbbing with fever, her dauntless spirit driving her trembling, timid body onward till at last, when she had been walking almost ceaselessly for over

eight hours, she tottered into the village of the sick chief.

2. The Healing Hand.

Mary Slessor, aching from head to foot with fever and overwhelming weariness, did not lie down even for a moment's rest, but walked straight to the chief who lay senseless on his mat on the mud floor. Having examined him she took from her little medicine chest a drug and gave a dose to the chief. But she could see at once that more of this medicine was needed than she had with her. She knew that, away on the other side of the river, some hours distant, another missionary was working.

"You must go across the river to Ikorofiong for more medicine."

"No, no!" they said, "we dare not go. They will slay any man who goes there."

She was in despair. Then someone said, "There is a man of that country living in his canoe on the river. Perhaps he would go."

They ran down to the river and found him. After much persuading he at last went, and returned next day with the medicine.

The chief, whom the women had believed to be almost dead, gradually recovered consciousness, then sat up and took food. At last he was quite well. All the village laughed and sang for joy. There would be no slaying. They gathered round Mary Slessor in grateful wonder at her magic powers. She told them that she had come to them because she worshipped the Great Physician Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father—God who made all

things. Then she gathered them together in the morning and evening, and led them as with bowed heads they all thanked God for the healing of the chief.

[If the Yarn is to be made into two, end the first here. Discover from the boys (a) what are the main powers by which Mary Slessor won over this village; and (b) how she managed to overcome her natural fears of the forest, etc.]

III.—VALIANT IN FIGHT.

Years passed by and Mary Slessor's name was known in all the villages for many miles. She was, to them, the white Ma who was brave and wise and kind. She was mad, they thought, because she was always rescuing the twin babies whom the Calabar people throw out to die and the mothers and twins whom they often kill. But in some strange way they felt that her wisdom, her skill in healing men, and her courage, which was more heroic than that of their bravest warriors, came from the Spirit who made all things. She would wrench guns from the hands of drunken savage men who were three times as strong as she was. At last she used to sit with their chief as judge of quarrels, and many times in palavers between villages she stopped the people from going to war.

I. Through the Forest Perilous.

One day a secret message came to her that, in some villages far away, a man of one village had wounded the chief in another village and that all the warriors were arming and holding councils of war.

"I must go and stop it," said Mary Slessor.

"You cannot," said her friends at Ekenge, "the steamer is coming to take you home to Britain because you are so ill. You will miss the boat. You are too ill to walk. The wild beasts in the woods will kill you. The savage warriors are out, and will kill you in the dark—not knowing who you are."

"But I *must* go," she answered.

The chief insisted that she must have two armed men with lanterns with her, and that she must get the chief of a neighbouring village to send out his drummer with her so that people might know—as they heard the drum—that a protected person was travelling who must not be harmed.

It was night, and Mary Slessor with her two companions marched out into the darkness, the lanterns throwing up strange shadows that looked like fierce men in the darkness. Through the night they walked till at midnight they reached the village where they were to ask for the drum.

The chief was surly.

"You are going to a warlike people," he said. "They will not listen to what a woman says. You had better go back. I will not protect you."

Mary Slessor was on her mettle.

"When you think of the woman's power," she said to the chief, "you forget the power of the woman's God. I shall go on."

And to the amazement of the savages in the villages she went on into the darkness. Surely she must be mad. She defied their chief who had the power to kill her. She had walked on

into a forest where ferocious leopards abounded ready to spring out upon her, and where men were drinking themselves into a fury of war. And for what? To try with a woman's tongue to stop the fiery chiefs and the savages of a distant warlike tribe from fighting. Surely she was mad.

2. Facing the Warriors.

She pressed on through the darkness. Then she saw the dim outlines of huts. Mary Slessor had reached the first town in the war area. She found the hut where an old Calabar woman lived who knew the white Ma.

"Who is there?" came a whisper from within.

But even as she replied there was a swift patter of bare feet. Out of the darkness leapt a score of armed warriors. They were all round her. From all parts dark shadows sprang forward till scores of men with their chiefs were jostling, chattering and threatening.

"What have you come for?" they asked.

"I have heard that you are going to war. I have come to ask you not to fight," she replied.

The chiefs hurriedly talked together, then they came to her and said—

"The white Ma is welcome. She shall hear all that we have to say before we fight. All the same we shall fight. For here you see are men wounded. We *must* wipe out the disgrace that is put upon us. Now she must rest. Women, you take care of the white Ma. We will call her at cock-crow when we start."

This meant an hour's sleep. Mary Slessor lay

down in a hut. It seemed as though her eyes were hardly shut before she was wakened again. She stood, tottering with tiredness, when she heard the cry—

“Run, Ma, run!”

The warriors were off down the hill away to the fight. She ran, but they were quickly out of sight on the way to the attack. Was all her trouble in vain? She pressed on weak and breathless, but determined. She heard wild yells and the roll of the war drum. The warriors she had followed were feverishly making ready to fight, a hundred yards distant from the enemy's village.

She went up to them and spoke sternly.

“Behave like men,” she said, “not like fools. Do not yell and shout. Hold your peace. I am going into the village there.”

She pointed to the enemy. Then she walked forward. Ahead of her stood the enemy in unbroken ranks of dark warriors. They stood like a solid wall. She hailed them as she walked forward.

There was an ominous silence. She laughed.

“How perfect your manners are!” she exclaimed. She was about to walk forward and force them to make way for her when an old chief stepped out toward her and, to her amazement, knelt down at her feet.

“Ma,” he said, “we thank you for coming to us. We own that we wounded the chief over there. It was only one of our men who did it. It was not the act of all our town. We ask you that you will speak with our enemy to bring them to peace with us.”

3. The Healed Chief.

She looked into the face of the chief. Then she saw to her joy that this was the very chief whom she had toiled through the rain to heal long ago. [See pp. 37-41.] Because of what she had done then, he was now at her feet asking her to make peace. Should she run back and tell the warriors, who a hundred yards away were spoiling for a fight? That was her first joyful thought. Then she saw that she must first make her authority stronger over the whole band of warriors.

"Stay where you are," she said. "Some of you find a place where I can sit in comfort; and bring me food. I will not starve while men fight. Choose two or three men to speak well for you, and we will have two men from your enemies."

These grim warriors, so sullen and threatening a few moments ago, obeyed her every word. At length two chiefs came from the other side and stood on one side of her, while the two chiefs chosen in the village came and threw down their arms and knelt at their feet.

"Your chief," they said, "was wounded by a drunken youth. Do not let us shed blood through all our villages because of what he did. If you will cease from war with us, we will pay to you any fine that the white Ma shall say."

She, too, pressed them to stop their fighting. Word went back to the warriors on both sides, who became wildly excited. Some agreed, others stormed and raged till they were in a frenzy.

Would they fight even over her body? Furious warriors came moving up from both sides. But by arguing and appealing at last she persuaded the warlike tribe to accept a fine.

4. The Promise of Peace.

The town whose drunken youth had wounded the enemy chief at once paid a part of the fine. They use no money. So the fine was paid in casks and bottles of trade gin. Mary Slessor trembled. For as the boxes of gin bottles were brought forward the warriors pranced with excitement and made ready to get drunk. She knew that this would make them fight after all. What could she do? The roar of voices rose. She could not make her own voice heard. A daring idea flashed into her mind. According to the law of these Egbo people, clothes thrown over anything give it the protection of your body. She snatched off her skirt and all the clothing she could spare and spread them over the gin. She seized the one glass that the tribe had, and doled out one portion only to each chief to test whether the bottles indeed contained spirit. At last they grew quieter and she spoke to them.

"I am going," she said, "across the Great Waters to my home, and I shall be away many moons. Promise me here, on both sides, that you will not go to war with one another while I am away."

"We promise," they said. They gathered around her and she told them the story of Jesus Christ in whose name she had come to them.

"Now," she said, "go to your rest and fight

no more." And the tribes kept their promise to her,—so that when she returned they could say, "It is peace."

For nearly forty years she worked on in Calabar, stricken scores of times with fever. She rescued her hundreds of twin babies thrown out to die in the forest, stopped wars and ordeal by poison, made peace, healed the sick.

At last, too weak to walk, she was wheeled through the forests and along the valleys by some of her "twins" now grown to strong children, and died there—the conquering Queen of Calabar who ruled in the hearts of even the fiercest cannibals through the power of the Faith, by which out of weakness she was made strong.

SOURCE.

Livingstone, *Mary Slessor of Calabar, Pioneer Missionary.*
(Hodder & Stoughton, 4s. 6d. net.)

V

The Boy who could "turn his hand to anything"

Alexander Mackay (1)

(Dates, 1863-1876)

LEADER'S AIM. (For Yarns V—VIII.)

To show how God uses the skilled work of the hands of a man dedicated to Him, to lead other men into His Kingdom.

INTRODUCTION.

Open conversation with the boys by asking what they want to be when men. Many boys of the age for which these "Yarns" are intended have decided views on what they would like to be and do. A considerable proportion of Brigade boys and Scouts would like to do skilled work with their hands. This fact, intensified by the boy's universal passion for railway engines, gives the point of contact that brings them into immediate sympathy with the boy Mackay.

Another opening, particularly with a rather younger group, would be to ask the boys whether they have ever been down to the station just to see the trains, or to the goods yard to watch the engines shunting. Did they take down the railway numbers? Now we are going to hear stories of a boy who would go many miles to see a railway engine and who through that found out what he was to be when he grew up.

I. Mackay and his Father.

The inquisitive village folk stared over their garden gates at Mr Mackay, the minister of the Free Kirk of Rhynie, a small Aberdeenshire village, as he stood with his thirteen-year-old boy gazing into the road at their feet. The father

was apparently scratching at the stones and dust with his stick. The villagers shook their heads.

“Fat’s the minister glowerin’ at, wi’ his loon Alic, among the stoor o’ the turnpike?”¹ asked the villagers of one another.

The minister certainly was powerful in the pulpit, but his ways were more than they could understand. He was forever hammering at the rocks on the moor and lugging ugly lumps of useless stone homeward, containing “fossils” as he called them.

Now Mr Mackay was standing looking as though he were trying to find something that he had lost in the road. If they had been near enough to Alec and his father they would have heard words like these :

“You see, Alec, this is the Zambesi River running down from the heart of Africa into the Indian Ocean, and here running into the Zambesi from the north is a tributary, the Shiré. Livingstone going up that river found wild savages who . . .”

So the father was tracing in the dust of the road with the point of his stick the course of the Zambesi which Livingstone had just explored for the first time.

Here produce the brown-paper outline map of Africa and recall to the boys Livingstone’s journey up the Zambesi and the Shiré. (*See Yarn II.*)

On these walks with his father Alec, with his blue eyes wide open, used to listen to stories like the Yarn we have heard of the marvellous adven-

¹ “What is the minister gazing at, with his son Alec, in the dust of the road?”

tures of Livingstone. Sometimes Mr Mackay would stop and draw triangles and circles with his stick. Then Alec would be learning a problem in Euclid on this strange "black-board" of the road. He learned the Euclid—but he preferred the Zambesi and Livingstone!

2. Mackay and the Railway Engine.

One day Alec was off by himself trudging down the road with a fixed purpose in his mind, a purpose that seemed to have nothing in the world to do with either Africa or Euclid. He marched away from his little village of Rhynie, where the burn runs around the foot of the great granite mountain across the strath. He trudged on for four miles. Then he heard a shrill whistle. Would he be late after all? He ran swiftly toward the little railway station. A ribbon of smoke showed over the cutting, away to the right. Alec entered the station and ran to one end of the platform as the train slowed down and the engine stopped just opposite where he stood.

He gazed at the driver and his mate on the footplate. He followed every movement as the driver came round the engine with his long-nosed oil-can, and opened and shut small brass lids and felt the bearings with his hand to see whether they were hot. The guard waved his green flag. The whistle of the engine shrieked, and the train steamed out of the station along the burnside toward Huntly. Alec gazed down the line till the train was out of sight and then, turning, left the station and trudged homeward. When he reached Rhynie he had walked eight miles to look

at a railway engine for two and a half minutes—and he was happy!

As he went along the village street he heard a familiar sound.

“Clang—a—clang clang!—ssssssss!” It was irresistible. He stopped, and stepped into the magic cavern of darkness, gleaming with the forge-fire, where George Lobban, the smith, having hammered a glowing horseshoe into shape, gripped it with his pincers and flung it hissing into the water.

Having cracked a joke with the laughing smith, Alec dragged himself away from the smithy, past the green, and looked in at the stable to curry-comb the pony and enjoy feeling the little beast’s muzzle nosing in his hand for oats.

He let himself into the manse and ran up to his work-room, where he began to print off some pages that he had set up on his little printing press.

At supper his mother looked sadly at her boy with his dancing eyes as he told her about the wonders of the railway engine. In her heart she wanted him to be a minister. And she did not see any sign that this boy would ever become one: this lad of hers who was always running off from his books to peer into the furnaces of the gas works, or to tease the village carpenter into letting him plane a board, or to sit, with chin in hands and elbows on knees, watching the saddler cutting and padding and stitching his leather, or to creep into the carding-mill—like the Budge and Toddy whose lives he had read—“to see weels go round.”

Do you think that he could do all these things and yet grow up to do something that would satisfy his mother's desire for him to do God's work? We shall see.

3. Mackay's Decision.

It was a bitter cold night in the Christmas vacation fourteen years later.¹ Alec Mackay, now a young engineering student, was lost to all sense of time as he read of the hair-breadth escapes and adventures told by the African explorer, Stanley, in his book, *How I found Livingstone*.

He read these words of Stanley's:

"For four months and four days I lived with Livingstone in the same house, or in the same boat, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. . . . Each day's life with him added to my admiration for him. His gentleness never forsakes him: his hopefulness never deserts him. His is the Spartan heroism, the inflexibility of the Roman, the enduring resolution of the Anglo-Saxon. The man has conquered me."

Alexander Mackay put down Stanley's book and gazed into the fire. Since the days when he had trudged as a boy down to the station to see the railway engine he had been a schoolboy in the Grammar School at Aberdeen, and a student in Edinburgh, and while there had worked in the great shipbuilding yards at Leith amid the clang and roar of the rivetters and the engine shop. He was now studying in Berlin, drawing the designs of great engines far more wonderful than the

¹ December 12, 1875.

railway engine he had almost worshipped as a boy.

On the desk at Mackay's side lay his diary in which he wrote his thoughts. In that diary were the words that he himself had written :

“This day last year¹ Livingstone died—a Scotsman and a Christian—loving God and his neighbour, in the heart of Africa. ‘Go thou and do likewise.’”

Mackay wondered. Could it ever be that he would go into the heart of Africa—like Livingstone? It seemed impossible. What was the good of an engineer among the lakes and forests of Central Africa?

Ask the boys to suggest what a Christian engineer and smith could do to help the Africans in a wild, primitive country. The boys may suggest, *e.g.* making roads, wells, or steamboats.

On the table by the side of Stanley's *How I found Livingstone* lay a newspaper, the Edinburgh *Daily Review*. Mackay glanced at it; then he snatched it up and read eagerly a letter which appeared there. It was a new call to Central Africa—the call, through Stanley, from King M'tesa of Uganda, that home of massacre and torture. These are some of the words that Stanley wrote :

“King M'tesa of Uganda has been asking me about the white man's God. . . . Oh that some practical missionary would come here. M'tesa would give him anything that he desired—houses, land, cattle, ivory. It is the practical

¹ May 1, 1873.

Christian who can . . . cure their diseases, build dwellings, teach farming and turn his hand to anything like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa.”

Stanley called for “A practical man who could turn his hand to anything—*if he can be found.*”

The words burned their way into Mackay’s very soul.

“If he can be found.” Why here, here in this very room he sits—the boy who has worked in the village at the carpenter’s bench and the saddler’s table, in the smithy and the mill, when his mother wished him to be at his books; the lad who has watched the ships building in the docks of Aberdeen, and has himself with hammer and file and lathe built and made machines in the engineering works—he is here—the “man who can turn his hand to anything.” And he had, we remember, already written in his diary:

“Livingstone died — a Scotsman and a Christian—loving God and his neighbour, in the heart of Africa. ‘Go thou and do likewise.’”

Mackay did not hesitate. Then and there he took pen and ink and paper and wrote to London to the Church Missionary Society which was offering, in the daily paper that lay before him, to send men out to King M’tesa. The words that Mackay wrote were these:

“My heart burns for the deliverance of Africa, and if you can send me to any one of those

regions which Livingstone and Stanley have found to be groaning under the curse of the slave-hunter I shall be very glad.”

Within four months Mackay, with some other young missionaries who had volunteered for the same great work, was standing on the deck of the SS. *Peshawur* as she steamed out from Southampton for Zanzibar.

He was in the footsteps of Livingstone—“a Scotsman and a Christian”—making for the heart of Africa and “ready to turn his hand to anything” for the sake of Him who as

“ . . . the Carpenter of Nazareth
Made common things for God.”

SOURCES.

The incidents in this and the three following Yarns are taken from *A. M. Mackay* (by his Sister), *Uganda a Chosen Vessel* (C.M.S., 6d. net), *Two Kings of Uganda*¹ (Ashe). See also *The Story of Mackay of Uganda* (Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. net), *Mackay of the Great Lake* (by C. E. Padwick, Milford, 3s. net).

¹ Out of print, but obtainable from Mission House Libraries.

VI

The Roadmaker

Alexander Mackay (2)

(Date, 1878)

INTRODUCTION.

Recall the determination of Mackay (as shown in the previous Yarn) to walk in the footsteps of Livingstone by fighting slavery in Africa; and by using his powers as an engineer and "a man of all trades" to help the Africans of Uganda who—through Stanley—had appealed for a missionary. "My heart burns for the deliverance of Africa."

With the aid of a small map of the British Empire, show the journey which Mackay's ship undertook to Zanzibar *via* Suez. Show map of Africa and recall Livingstone setting out on his last journey, on the slave-trail. (*Yarn II.*) The remembrance of it would nerve Mackay through long delays in securing the hundreds of African porters needed to carry inland on their heads all the goods—the many, many bales of cloth and nails and beads, etc., for use in place of money; the cedar hull and the sections of the boiler of the *Daisy*, the steam launch, which was intended for use on Victoria Nyanza; the tools, forge, lathe, grindstone, printing press, and so on.

I. Opening the Road.

After many months of delay, Mackay with his companions and bearers started on his tramp of hundreds of miles along narrow footpaths, often through swamps, delayed by fierce greedy chiefs who demanded many cloths before they would let the travellers pass. One of the little band of missionaries had already died of fever. When hundreds of miles from the coast, Mackay was stricken with fever and nearly died. His com-

panions sent him back to the coast again to recover, and they themselves went on and put together the *Daisy*, the boat which the bearers had carried in sections on their heads, on the shore of Victoria Nyanza. So Mackay, racked with fever, was carried back by his Africans over the weary miles through swamp and forest to the coast. At last he was well again, and with infinite labour he cut a great wagon road for 230 miles to Mpapwa (*see map*). With pick and shovel, axe and saw, they cleared the road of trees for a hundred days.

Mackay wrote home as he sat at night tired by the side of his half-made road, "This will certainly yet be a highway for the King Himself; and all that pass this way will come to know His Name."

At length, after triumphing by sheer skill and will over a thousand difficulties, Mackay reached the southern shore of Victoria Nyanza at Kagei, to find that his surviving companions had gone on to Uganda in an Arab sailing-dhow, leaving on the shore the *Daisy*, which had been too small to carry them.

Let the boys follow on the brown-paper map Mackay's route from Zanzibar to the Lake. (*See map, pp. 94-5.*)

2. Boat Building.

On the beach by the side of that great inland sea, Victoria Nyanza, in the heart of Africa, Mackay found the now broken and leaking *Daisy*. Her cedar planks were twisted and had warped in the blazing sun till every seam gaped. A hippopotamus had crunched her bow between his terrible jaws. Many of her timbers had crumbled

before the still greater foe of the African boat-builder—the white ant.

Now, under her shadow lay the man “who could turn his hand to anything,” on his back with hammer and chisel in hand. He was rivetting a plate of copper on the hull of the *Daisy*. Already he had nailed sheets of zinc and lead on stern and bow, and had driven cotton wool picked from the bushes by the lake into the seams to caulk some of the leaks. Around the boat stood crowds of Africans, their dark faces full of astonishment at the white man mending his big canoe.

“Why should a man toil so terribly hard?” they wondered.

The tribesmen of the lake had only canoes hollowed out from a tree-trunk, or made of some planks sewn together with fibres from the banana tree.

At last Mackay had his boat ready to sail up the Victoria Nyanza. The whole of the length of that great sea, itself larger than his own native Scotland, still separated Mackay from the land of Uganda for which he had left Britain over fifteen months earlier.

Let the boys follow the voyage up the lake on the big map. Let one boy take the brown-paper map home and draw Great Britain to scale in the bottom left-hand corner to contrast it with Victoria Nyanza, and mark Mackay’s route from Zanzibar to Uganda.

All through his disappointments and difficulties Mackay fought on. With him, as with Livingstone, nothing had power to break his spirit or quench his burning determination to carry on his God-given plan to serve Africa.

Every use of saw and hammer and chisel, every

“trick of the tool’s true trade,”

all the training in the shipbuilding yards and engineering shops at Edinburgh and in Germany helped Mackay to invent some new daring and ingenious way out of every fresh difficulty.

3. The Wreck of the *Daisy*.

Now at last the *Daisy* was on the water again ; and Mackay and his bearers went aboard¹ and hoisting sail from Kagei ran northward. Before they had gone far black storm clouds swept across the sky. Night fell. Lightning blazed unceasingly and flung up into silhouette the wild outlines of the mountains to the east. The roar of the thunder echoed above the wail of the wind and the threshing of the waves.

All through the dark, Mackay and those of his men who could handle an oar rowed unceasingly. Again and again he threw out his twenty-fathom line, but in vain. He made out a dim line of precipitous cliffs, yet the water seemed fathomless—the only map in existence was a rough one that Stanley had made. At last the lead touched bottom at fourteen fathoms. In the dim light of dawn they rowed and sailed toward a shady beach before the cliffs, and anchored in three and a half fathoms of water.

The storm passed ; but the waves from the open sea came roaring in and broke over the *Daisy*. The bowsprit dipped under the anchor chain, and the whole bulwark on the weatherside was carried away. The next sea swept into the open and now sinking boat. By frantic efforts they heaved up

¹ August 23, 1878.

the anchor and the next wave swung the *Daisy* with a crash on to the beach, where the waves pounded her to a complete wreck, wrenching the planks from the keel. But Mackay and his men managed to rescue her cargo before she went to pieces.

They were wrecked on a shore where Stanley, the great explorer, had years before had a hair-breadth escape from massacre at the hands of the wild savages. But Stanley, living up to the practice he had learned from Livingstone, had turned enemies into friends, and now the natives made no attack on the shipwrecked Mackay.

For eight weeks Mackay laboured there, hard on the edge of the lake, living on the beach in a tent made of spars and sails. With hammer and chisel and saw he worked unsparingly at his task. He cut the middle eight feet from the boat, and bringing her stern and stem together patched the broken ends with wood from the middle part. After two months' work the now dumpier *Daisy* took the water again, and carried Mackay and his men safely up the long shores of Victoria Nyanza to the goal of all his travelling, the capital of M'tesa, King of Uganda.

Recall to the boys by questions that it was M'tesa who through Stanley had appealed for a man "who can turn his hand to anything." This was the King whom Mackay had travelled so many thousands of miles to meet. At length they were to come face to face.

4. The King and the Engineer.

The rolling tattoo of goat-skin drums filled the royal reception-hall of King M'tesa, as the great tyrant entered with his chiefs. M'tesa, his dark,

cruel heavy face in vivid contrast with his spotless white robe, sat heavily down on his stool of State, while brazen trumpets sent to him from England blared as Mackay entered. The chiefs squatted on low stools and on the rush-strewn mud-floor before the King. At his side stood his Prime Minister, the Katikiro, a smaller man than the King, but swifter and more far-sighted. The Katikiro was dressed in a snowy-white Arab gown covered by a black mantle trimmed with gold. In his hard, guilty face treacherous cunning and masterful cruelty were blended.

M'tesa was gracious to Mackay, and gave him land on which to build his home. More important to Mackay than even his hut was his workshop, where he quickly fixed his forge and anvil, vice and lathe, and grindstone, for he was now in the place where he could practise his skill. It was for this that he had left home and friends, and pressed on in spite of fever and shipwreck to serve Africa and lead her to the worship of Jesus Christ by working and teaching as our Lord did when on earth.

5. "The White-Man-of-Work."

One day the wide thatched roof of that workshop shaded from the flaming rays of the sun a crowded circle of the chiefs of Uganda with their slaves, who loved to come to "hear the bellows roar." They were gazing at Mackay, whose strong, bare right arm was swinging his hammer

"Clang-a-clang-clang."

Then a ruddy glow lit up the dark faces of

the watchers and the bronzed face of the white man who in the centre of his workshop was blowing up his forge fire. Gripping in his pincers the iron hoe that was now red-hot, Mackay hammered it into shape and then plunged it all hissing into the bath of water that stood by him.

Hardly had the cloud of steam risen from the bath, when Mackay once more gripped the hoe, and moving to his grindstone placed his foot on the pedal and set the edge of the hoe against the whirling stone. The sparks flew high. A murmur came from the Uganda chiefs who stood around.

"It is witchcraft," they said to one another. "It is witchcraft by which Mazunga-wa-Kazi makes the hard iron tenfold harder in the water. It is witchcraft by which he sends the wheels round and makes our hoes sharp. Surely he is the great wizard."

Mackay caught the sound of the new name that they had given him—Mazunga-wa-Kazi—the White-Man-at-Work. They called him by this name because to them it was very strange that any man should work with his own hands.

"Women are for work," said the chiefs. "Men go to talk with the King, and to fight and eat."

Mackay paused in his work and turned on them.

"No," he said, "you are wrong. God made man with one stomach and with two hands in order that he may work twice as much as he eats." And Mackay held out before them his own hands blackened with the work of the smithy, rough with the handling of hammer and saw, the file and lathe. "But you," and he turned on

them with a laugh and pointed to their sleek bodies as they shone in the glow of the forge fire, "you are all stomach and no hands."

They grinned sheepishly at one another under this attack, and, as Mackay let down the fire and put away his tools, they strolled off to the hill on which the King's beehive-shaped thatched palace was built.

6. The Well-digging.

Mackay climbed up the hill on the side of which his workshop stood. From the ridge he gazed over the low-lying marsh from which the women were bearing on their heads the water-pots. He knew that the men and women of the land were suffering from fearful illnesses. He now realised that the fevers came from the poisonous waters of the marsh. He made up his mind how he could help them with his skill. They must have pure water; yet they knew nothing of wells.

Would any boy know how to make a well? Recall how Mr Mackay, senior, took his boy fossil hunting and taught him some geology. Probably some boy will know that water is found at the bottom of a porous stratum when an impervious rock or clay is reached.

Mackay at once searched the hill-side with his spade and found a bed of clay emerging from the side of the hill. He climbed sixteen feet higher up the hill and, bringing the men who could help him together, began digging. He knew that he would reach spring water at the level of the clay, for the rains that had filtered through the earth would stop there.

The Baganda¹ thought that he was mad. "Whoever," they asked one another, "heard of digging in the top of a hill for water?"

"When the hole is so deep," said Mackay, measuring out sixteen feet, "water will come, pure and clean, and you will not need to carry it up the hill from the marsh."

They dug and dug till the hole was too deep to hurl the earth up over the edge. Then Mackay made a pulley, which seemed a magic thing to them, for they could not yet understand the working of wheels; and with rope and bucket the earth was pulled up. Exactly at the depth of sixteen feet the water welled in. The Baganda clapped their hands and danced with delight.

"Mackay is the great wizard. He is the mighty spirit," they cried. "The King must come to see this."

Ask the boys to suggest which things in the Yarn on Mackay's boyhood helped him in Africa up to this stage, *e.g.* tramping to railway station suggests the power to stick to his stiff journey; engineering shops, smithy, etc., all have parallels in this Yarn.

King M'tesa himself wondered at the story of the making of the well and the finding of the water. He gave orders that he was to be carried to view this great wonder. His eyes rolled with astonishment as he saw it and heard of the wonders that were wrought by the work of men.

Yet M'tesa and his men still wondered why any man should work hard. Mackay tried to explain this to the King when he sat in his reception-hall. Work, Mackay told M'tesa, is the noblest thing a man can do, and he told him how Jesus Christ,

¹ The people of Uganda.

the Son of the Great Father-Spirit who made all things, did not Himself feel that work was a thing too mean for Him. For our Lord, when He lived on earth at Nazareth, worked with His own hands at the carpenter's bench, and made all labour for ever noble.

VII

Fighting the Slave Trade

Alexander Mackay (3)

(Date, 1878)

INTRODUCTION.

Recall to the boys that when Mackay made the road for over two hundred miles from the coast inland he wrote home to England, "This will certainly yet be a highway for the King Himself, and all that pass this way will come to know His Name." Draw them on to suggest what Mackay had up to the present done to achieve this among the people of Uganda—in their lives. Suggest (if necessary) that he has, in securing influence by his skill, simply cleared a way through the forest, cut down and uprooted trees of prejudice, etc.; but has not put in the metalling, the foundation and surface for the road.

How are these foundations to be laid? Ask the boys which would be the best way, especially seeing that the grown men and women were fixed in their old, cruel, killing habits? Clearly he must win the younger ones.

I. The Boy-pages of Uganda.

In the court of King M'tesa, Mackay always saw many boys who used to drive away the flies from the King's face with fans, carry stools for the chiefs and visitors to squat upon, run messages and make themselves generally useful. Most of these boys were the sons of chiefs. When they were not occupied with some errand, they would lounge about playing games with one another in the open space just by the King's hut.

Often when Mackay came to speak with the King, he had to wait in this place before he could

have audience of M'tesa. He would bring with him large sheets of paper on which he had printed in his workshop the alphabet and some sentences. The printing was actually done with the little hand-press that Mackay had used in his attic when he was a boy in his old home in Rhynie. He had taken it with him all the way to Uganda, and now was setting up letters and sentences in a language which had never been printed before.

The Baganda boys who had gathered round the White-Man-of-Work with wondering eyes, as he with his "magic" printed the sheets of paper, now crowded about him as he unrolled one of these white sheets with the curious black smudges on them. Mackay made the noise that we call A and then B, and pointed to these curious-shaped objects which we call the letters of the alphabet. Then he got them to make the noise and point to the letter that represented that sound. At last the keenest of the boys really could repeat the alphabet right through and begin to read whole words from another sheet—Baganda words—so that at length they could read whole sentences.

Two of these pioneer boys became very good scholars. One named Mukasa became a Christian and was baptized with the name Samweli (Samuel); another called Kakumba was baptized Yusufu (Joseph). A third boy had been captured from a tribe in the north, and his skin was of a much lighter brown than that of the Baganda boys. This light-skinned captured slave was named Lugalama.

Each of these boys felt that it was a very proud day when at last he could actually read a whole

sheet of printing from beginning to end in his own language—from “Our Father” down to “the Kingdom, the power and the glory, Amen.”

2. The Conflict with the Slave Trader.

One morning these page-boys leapt to their feet as they heard the familiar rattle of the drums that heralded the coming of King M'tesa. They bowed as he entered the hall and sat heavily on his stool, while his chiefs ranged themselves about him.

On a stool near the King sat Mackay, the White-Man-of-Work. His bronzed face was set in grim determination, for he knew that on that morning he had a difficult battle to fight.

Another loud battering of drum-heads filled the air. The entrance to the hut was darkened by a tall, swarthy Arab in long, flowing robes, followed by negro-bearers, who cast on the ground bales of cloth and guns. The Arab wore on his head a red fez, round which a coloured turban scarf was wound. He was a slave-trader from the coast, who had come from the East to M'tesa in Uganda to buy men and women and children to carry them away into slavery.

King M'tesa was himself not only a slave-trader but a slave-raider. He sent his fierce gangs of warriors out to raid a tribe away in the hills to the north. They would dash into a village, slay the men, and drag the boys and girls and women back to M'tesa as slaves. The bronze-skinned boy, Lugalama, was a young slave who had been captured on one of these bloodthirsty raids. And M'tesa, who often sent out his executioners to

slay his own people by the hundred to please the dreaded and horrible god of small-pox, would also sell his people by the hundred to get guns for his soldiers.

The slave-route from Zanzibar may be here traced on the map. It was roughly that taken by Mackay himself.

The Arab slave-trader bowed to the earth before King M'tesa, who signalled to him to speak.

"I have come," said the Arab, pointing to the guns on the floor, "to bring you these things in exchange for some men and women and children. See, I offer you guns and percussion caps and cloth." And he spread out lengths of the red cloth, and held out one of the guns with its gleaming barrel.

King M'tesa's eyes lighted up with desire as he saw the muskets and the ammunition. These, he thought, are the things that will make me powerful against my enemies.

"I will give you," the Arab slave-trader went on, "one of these lengths of red cloth in exchange for one man to be sold to me as a slave; one of these guns for two men; and one hundred of these percussion caps for a woman as a slave."

Mackay looked into the cruel face of M'tesa, and he could see how the ambitious King longed for the guns. Should he risk the favour of the King by fighting the battle of a few slaves? Yet Mackay remembered as he sat there, how Livingstone's great fight against the slave-traders had made him, as a student, vow that he too would go out and fight slavery in Africa. The memory nerved him for the fight he was now to make.

Ask the boys what they would have said or done in Mackay's place to hinder King M'tesa from selling his people (who were his absolute property) to the slave-traders.

Mackay turned to M'tesa and said words like these :¹

"O King M'tesa, you are set as father over all your multitude of people. They are your children. It is they who make you a great King.

"Remember, O King, that the Sultan of Zanzibar himself has signed a decree that no slaves shall be taken in all these lands and sold to other lands down beyond the coast, whither this Arab would lead your children. Therefore if you sell slaves you break his law.

"Will you, then, sell your own people that they may be taken out of their homeland into a strange country? They will be chained to one another, beaten with whips, scourged and kicked, and many will be left at the wayside to die ; till the peoples of the coast shall laugh at Uganda and say, 'That is how King M'tesa lets strangers treat his children!'"

We can imagine how the Arab turned and scowled fiercely at Mackay. His heart raged, and he would have given anything to plunge the dagger hidden in his robe into Mackay's heart. Who was this white man who dared to try to stop his trade? But Mackay went on.

"See," he said, pointing to the boys and the chiefs, "your children are wonderfully made. Their bones, which are linked together, are clothed with flesh ; and from the heart in their breasts the blood that gives men life flows to and fro through

¹ There is no record of the precise words, but Mackay gives the argument in a letter home.

their bodies, while the breath goes in and out of their lungs and makes them live. God the Father and Maker of all men alone can create such wonders. No men who ever lived could, if they worked all through their lives, make one thing so marvellous as one of these boys. Will you, then, sell one of these miracles, one of your children, for a bit of red rag which any man can make in a day?"

All eyes turned to King M'tesa to learn what he would say.

What result do the boys think Mackay's speech would have?

The King with a wave of his hand dismissed the scowling Arab, while he took counsel with his chiefs, and came to this decision:

"My people shall no more be made slaves."

A decree was written out and King M'tesa put his hand to it. The crest-fallen Arab and his men gathered up their guns and cloths, marched down the hill to buy ivory instead of slaves for their bales of red cloth, and went out of the dominions of King M'tesa, across the Great Lake homeward.

Mackay had won the first battle against slavery. His heart was very glad. Yet he knew that, although he had scored a triumph in this fight with the slave-dealer, he had not won in his great campaign. The King was generally kind to Mackay, for he was proud to have so clever a white man in his country. But he could not make up his mind to become a Christian. M'tesa's heart had not really changed. His slave-raiding of other tribes might still go on. The

horrible butcherings of his people to turn away the dreaded anger of the gods would continue. Mackay felt he must press on with his work. He was slowly opening a road through the jungle of cruelty and the marshes of dread of the gods that made the life of the Baganda people dark and dreadful.

VIII

The Boy Heroes of Uganda

Alexander Mackay (4)

(Dates, 1884-1890)

INTRODUCTION.

The boys who have heard the last three Yarns on Mackay will have a vivid sense of his versatile skill and resource and determined will in overcoming difficulties and winning men—all fused into one burning passion for serving Africa. This will be combined with a feeling of God's power to use all kinds of gifts in a boy or man dedicated to His service.

This fourth Yarn reveals Mackay's power both to endure the most severe of all tests, that of the fear of death; and, greater still, his power to inspire the same fearless heroism in the sons of the most degraded and treacherous savages. The series on Mackay, and indeed the Yarns as a whole, will only have achieved their purpose if they communicate to those who hear them the contagion of Mackay's spirit of sacrificial heroism and devotion to his Lord.

In beginning this Yarn let the boy who took home the brown-paper map after Yarn VI produce it, and show the line of Mackay's journey as he has traced it on the map. The boys will recall that this was also roughly the route along which the discomfited slave-trader would return after M'tesa had driven him from Uganda.

I. Poisoning M'wanga's Mind.

All Uganda waited breathless one day as though the end of the world had come.

"King M'tesa is dead!" the cry went out through all the land.

The people waited in dread and on tiptoe of eagerness till the new king was selected by the chiefs from the sons of the dead ruler.

At last a great cheer went up from the Palace. "M'wanga has eaten Uganda!" they shouted.

By this the people meant that M'wanga, a young son of M'tesa—only eighteen years old—had been made King. He was, however, a boy with no power—the mere feeble tool of the Katikiro (the Prime Minister) and of Mujasi, the Captain of the King's own bodyguard of soldiers. Both these great men of the kingdom fiercely hated Mackay, for they were jealous of his power over the old King. So they whispered into the young M'wanga's ears stories like this: "You know that men say that Uganda will be eaten up by an enemy from the lands of the rising sun. Mackay and the other white men are making ready to bring thousands of white soldiers into your land to 'eat it up' and to kill you."

So M'wanga began to refuse to speak to Mackay. Then, because the King was afraid to attack him, he began to lay plots against the boys.

2. Mujasi's First Attack.

One morning Mackay started out from his house with five or six boys and the crew of his boat to march down to the lake. Among the boys were young Lugalama—the fair-haired slave-boy, now a freed-slave and a servant to Mackay—and Kakumba, who had (you remember) been baptized Joseph. The King and the Katikiro had given Mackay permission to go down to the lake and sail across it to take letters to a place called Msalala from which the carriers would bear them down to the coast.

Down the hill the party walked, the crew carry-

ing the baggage and the oars on their heads. Mackay and his colleague Ashe, who had come out from England to work with him, walked behind.

To their surprise there came running down the path behind them and past them a company of soldiers.

"Where are you going?" asked Mackay of one of the soldiers.

"Mujasi, the Captain of the Bodyguard," he replied, "has sent us to capture some of the King's wives who have run away."

Another and yet another body of soldiers rushed past them. Mackay became more and more suspicious that some foul plot was being brewed. He and his company had walked ten miles, and the lake was but two miles away, divided from them by a wood. Suddenly there leapt out from behind the trees of the wood hundreds of men headed by Mujasi himself.

They levelled their guns and spears at Mackay and his friends and yelled, "Go back! Go back!"

"We are the King's friends," replied Mackay, "and we have his leave to travel. How dare you insult us?"

And they pushed forward. But the soldiers rushed at them; snatched their walking-sticks from them and began to jostle them. Mackay and Ashe sat down by the side of the path. Mujasi came up to them.

"Where are you walking?" he asked.

"We are travelling to the port with the permission of King M'wanga and the Katikiro."

"You are a liar! replied Mujasi.

Mujasi stood back and the soldiers rushed at the missionaries, dragged them to their feet and held the muzzles of their guns within a few inches of their chests. Mackay turned with his boys and marched back to the capital.

He and Ashe were allowed to go back to their own home on the side of the hill, but the five boys were marched to the King's headquarters and imprisoned. The Katikiro, when Mackay went to him, refused to listen at first. Then he declared that Mackay was always taking boys out of the country, and returning with armies of white men and hiding them with the intention of conquering Uganda.

The Katikiro waved them aside and the angry waiting mob rushed on the missionaries yelling, "Mine shall be his coat!" "Mine his trousers!" "No, mine!" shouted another, as the men scuffled with one another.

Mackay and Ashe at last got back to their home and knelt in prayer. Later on the same evening, they decided to attempt to win back the King and the Prime Minister and Mujasi by gifts, so that their imprisoned boys would be freed from danger.

Mackay spoke to his other boys, telling them to go and fly for their lives or they would be killed.

3. The Boys in the Flames.

In the morning Mackay heard that three of the boys who had been captured on the previous day were not only bound as prisoners, but that Mujasi

was threatening to burn them to death. The boys were named Seruwanga, Kakumba, and Lugalama. The eldest was fifteen, the youngest twelve.

The boys were led out with a mob of howling men and boys around them. Mujasi shouted to them: "Oh, you know Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ). You believe you will rise from the dead. I shall burn you, and you will see if this is so."

A hideous roar of laughter rose from the mob. The boys were led down the hill towards the edge of a marsh. Behind them was a plantation of banana trees. Some men who had carried bundles of firewood on their heads threw the wood into a heap; others laid hold of each of the boys and cut off their arms with hideous curved knives so that they should not struggle in the fire.

Seruwanga, the bravest, refused to utter a cry as he was cut to pieces, but Kakumba shouted to Mujasi, who was a Mohammedan, "You believe in Allah the Merciful. Be merciful!" But Mujasi had no mercy.

We are told that the men who were watching held their breath with awed amazement as they heard a boy's voice out of the flame and smoke singing,

"Daily, daily sing to Jesus,
Sing, my soul, His praises due."

As the executioners came towards the youngest and feeblest, Lugalama, he cried, "Oh, do not cut off my arms. I will not struggle, I will not fight—only throw me into the fire."

But they did their ghastly work, and threw the mutilated boy on a wooden framework above the

slow fire where his cries went up, till at last there was silence.

One other Christian stood by named Musali. Mujasi, with eyes bloodshot and inflamed with cruelty, came towards him and cried :

"Ah, you are here. I will burn you too and your household. You are a follower of Isa (Jesus)."

"Yes, I am," replied Musali, "and I am not ashamed of it."

It was a marvel of courage to say in the face of the executioner's fire and knife what Peter dared not say when the servant-maid in Jerusalem laughed at him. Perhaps the heroism of Musali awed even the cruel-hearted Mujasi. In any case he left Musali alone.

4. M'wanga's Frenzy.

For a little time M'wanga ceased to persecute the Christians. But the wily Arabs whispered in his ear that the white men were still trying to "eat up" his country. M'wanga was filled with mingled anger and fear. Then his fury burst all bounds when Mujasi said to him : "There is a great white man coming from the rising sun. Behind him will come thousands of white soldiers."

"Send at once and kill him," cried the demented M'wanga.

A boy named Balikudembe, a Christian, heard the order and he could not contain himself, but broke out, "Oh, King M'wanga, why are you going to kill a white man? Your father did not do so."

But the soldiers went out, travelled east along the paths till they met the great Bishop Hannington being carried in a litter, stricken with fever. They took him prisoner, and, after some days, slew him as he stood defenceless before them. Hannington had been sent out to help Mackay and his fellow-Christians.

Then the King fell ill. He believed that the boy Balikudembe, who had warned him not to kill the Bishop, had bewitched him. So M'wanga's soldiers went and caught the lad and led him down to a place where they lit a fire, and placing the boy over it, burned him slowly to death.

All through this time Mackay alone had not been really seriously threatened, for his work and what he was made the King and the Katikiro and even Mujasi afraid to do him to death.

Then there came a tremendous thunderstorm. A flash of lightning smote the King's house and it flamed up and burned to ashes. Then King M'wanga seemed to go mad. He threatened to slay Mackay himself.

"Take, seize, burn the Christians," he cried. And his executioners and their minions rushed out, captured forty-six men and boys, slashed their arms from their bodies with their cruel curved knives so that they could not struggle, and then placed them over the ghastly flames which slowly wrung the lives from their tortured bodies. Yet the numbers of the Christians seemed to grow with persecution.

The King himself beat one boy, Apolo Kagwa, with a stick and smote him on the head, then knocked him down, kicked and stamped upon him.

Then the King burned all his books, crying, "Never read again."

The other men and boys who had become Christians were now scattered over the land in fear of their lives. Mackay, however, come what may, determined to hold on. He set his little printing press to work and printed off a letter which he sent to the scattered Christians. In Mackay's letter was written these words, "In days of old Christians were hated, were hunted, were driven out and were persecuted for Jesus' sake, and thus it is to-day. Our beloved brothers, do not deny our Lord Jesus!"

At last M'wanga's mad cruelties grew so frightful that all his people rose in rebellion and drove him from the throne, so that he had to wander an outcaste by the lake-side. Mackay at that time was working by the lake, and he offered to shelter the deposed King who had only a short time before threatened his life.

Two years passed; and Mackay, on the lake-side, was building a new boat in which he hoped to sail to other villages to teach the people. Then a fever struck him. He lay lingering for some days. Then he died—aged only forty-one.

5. Was it worth while?

If Mackay, instead of becoming a missionary, had entered the engineering profession he might have become a great engineer. When he was a missionary in Africa, the British East Africa Company offered him a good position. He refused it. General Gordon offered him a high position in his army in Egypt. He refused it.

He held on when his friends and the Church Missionary Society called him home. This is what he said to them, "What is this you write—'Come home'? Surely now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for anyone to desert his post. Send us only our first twenty men, and I may be tempted to come to help you to find the second twenty."

He died when quite young; homeless, after a life in constant danger from fever and from a half-mad tyrant king—his Christian disciples having been burned.

Was it worth while?

To-day the Prime Minister of Uganda is Apolo Kagwa, who as a boy was kicked and beaten and stamped upon by King M'wanga for being a Christian; and the King of Uganda, Daudi, M'wanga's son, is a Christian. At the capital there stands a fine cathedral in which brown Baganda clergy lead the prayers of the Christian people. On the place where the boys were burned to death there stands a Cross, put there by 70,000 Baganda Christians in memory of the young martyrs.

Was their martyrdom worth while?

To-day all the slave raiding has ceased for ever; innocent people are not slaughtered to appease the gods; the burning of boys alive has ceased.

Mackay began the work. He made the first rough road and as he made it he wrote: "This will certainly yet be a highway for the King Himself; and all that pass this way will come to know His name."

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6. The Unfinished Way.

“And a highway shall be there and a way ; and it shall be a way of holiness.”

But the Way is not finished. And the last words that Mackay wrote were: “You sons of England, here is a sphere for your energies. Bring with you your highest education and your greatest talents, and you will find scope for the exercise of them all.”

Some groups of boys will be interested in searching for passages in the New Testament giving parallels to this persecution. Such are, for instance, Mark xiv. 66-72 ; Acts vii. 59, viii. 4 ; 1 Peter iv. 12-19 (this passage was printed at the end of the above letter) ; 2 Cor. xi. 24-33 ; Hebrews xi. 32—xii. 2.

IX

A Black Prince of Africa

Khama

(Dates, c. 1850-1918)

LEADER'S AIM.

To show the power of God to equip an African as the liberator of his own people.

INTRODUCTION.

One day David Livingstone, before the time when he met the adventure told in Yarn II., entered a village in South Africa. The chief, Sekhome, came out to meet the traveller. By Sekhome's side trotted his eldest son, a boy who gazed in wonder at the strange white man. That boy is alive to-day and is the chief of all his tribe of the Bamangwato. (Show the place on the map.) He is the best-known chief, and, indeed, the best chief in South Africa. He has had many adventures, and we are going to hear now the story of his life.

This Yarn is likely to need less discussion and question work than any in this book, as the incidents cover most of the periods of Khama's life, and their significance is clear and requires little elaboration.

1. The Fight with the Lion.

The leaping flames of a hunting camp-fire threw upon the dark back-ground of thorn trees weird shadows of the men who squatted in a circle on the ground, talking.

The men were all Africans, the picked hunters from the tribe of the Bamangwato. They were out on the spoor of a great lion that had made himself the terror of the tribe. Night after night the lion had leapt among their oxen and had slain

the choicest in the chief's herds. Again and again the hunters had gone out on the trail of the ferocious beast; but always they returned empty-handed, though boasting loudly of what they would do when they should face the lion.

"To-morrow, yes, to-morrow," cried a young Bamangwato hunter rolling his eyes, "I will slay *tau e bogale*—the fierce lion."

The voices of the men rose on the night air as the whole group declared that the beast should ravage their herds no more—the whole group, except one. This man's tense face and the keen eyes that glowed in the firelight showed his contempt for those who swaggered so much and did so little. He was the son of Sekhome, the chief of the great Bamangwato tribe. The wild flames gleamed on him as he stood there, full six feet of tireless manhood leaning on his gun, like a superb statue carved in ebony. Those swift, spare limbs of his, that could keep pace with a galloping horse, gave him the right to his name, Khama—the Antelope.¹

The voices dropped, and the men, rolling themselves in the skins of wild beasts, lay down and slept—all except one, whose eyes watched in the darkness as sleeplessly as the stars.

The night passed. As the first flush of dawn paled the stars, and the men around the cold ashes of the fire sat up, they gazed in awed amazement. For they saw, striding toward them, their tall young chieftain; and over his shoulders hung the tawny skin and mane of a full-grown

¹ The antelope in the Zoological Gardens called Cama is of the species from which Khama is named.

king lion. Alone in the night he had slain the terror of the tribe!

The men who had boasted of what they meant to do and had never performed, never heard Khama—either at that time or later—make any mention of this great feat.

It was no wonder that the great Bamangwato tribe looked at the tall, silent, resolute young chieftain and, comparing him with his crafty father Sekhome and his treacherous, cowardly younger brother Khamane, said, "Khama is our *boikanyo*—our confidence."

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2. The Fight with the Witch-doctors.

The years went by; and that fierce old villain Sekhome plotted and laid ambush against the life of his valiant son, Khama. For Khama had become a Christian and Sekhome was a heathen witch-doctor. Khama would have nothing to do with the horrible ceremonies by which the boys of the tribe were initiated into manhood; nor would he look on the heathen rain-making incantations, though his father smoked with anger against him. Under a thousand insults and threats of death Khama stood silent, never insulting or answering again, and always treating with respect his unnatural father.

"You, as the son of a great chief, must marry other wives," said old Sekhome, whose wives could not be numbered. Young Khama firmly refused, for the Word of God which ruled his life told him that he must have but one wife. Sekhome foamed with futile rage.

"You must call in the rain-doctors to make rain," said Sekhome, as the parched earth cracked under the flaming sun. Khama knew that their wild incantations had no power to make rain, but that God alone ruled the heavens. So he refused.

Sekhome now made his last and most fearful attack. He was a witch-doctor and master of the witch-doctors whose ghoulish incantations made the Bamangwato tremble in terror of unseen devils.

One night the persecuted Khama woke at the sound of strange clashing and chanting. Looking out he saw the fitful flame of a fire. Going out from his hut, he saw the *lolwapa* or court in front of it lit up with weird flames round which the black wizards danced with horns and lions' teeth clashing about their necks, and with manes of beasts' hair waving above their horrible faces. As they danced they cast charms into the fire and chanted loathsome spells and terrible curses on Khama. As a boy he had been taught that these witch-doctors had the power to slay or to smite with foul diseases. He would have been more than human if he had not felt a shiver of nameless dread at this lurid and horrible dance of death.

Yet he never hesitated. He strode forward swiftly, anger and contempt on his face, scattering the witch-doctors from his path and leaping full upon their fire of charms, stamped it out and scattered its embers broadcast. The wizards fled into the darkness of the night.

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3. The Fight with Kaffir Beer.

At last Khama's treacherous old father, Sekhome, died. Khama was acclaimed the supreme chief of all the Bamangwato.¹ He galloped out at the head of his horsemen to pursue Lobengula, the ferocious chief of the Matabele who had struck fear into the Bamangwato for many years. Even Lobengula, who to his dying day carried in his neck a bullet from Khama's gun, said of him, "The Bamangwato are dogs, but Khama is a man."

Khama had now freed his people from the terror of the lion, the tyranny of witch-doctors, and the dread of the Matabele. Yet the deadliest enemy of Khama and the most loathsome tyrant of the Bamangwato was still in power,—the strong drink which degrades the African to unspeakable depths.

Even as Khama charged at the head of his men into the breaking ranks of the Matabele, his younger brother, Khamane, whom he had put in charge of his city in his absence, said to the people : "You may brew beer again now." Many of the people did not obey, but others took the corn of the tribe and brewed beer from it.

At night the cries of beaten women rose and the weird chants of incantations and of foul unclean dances were heard. Khamane called the older men together around his fire. Pots of beer passed from hand to hand. As the men grew fuddled they became bolder and more boastful. Khamane then spoke to them and said, "Why

¹ In 1875.

should Khama rule you? Remember he forbids you to make and to drink beer. He has done away with the dances of the young men. He will not let you make charms or throw enchanted dice or make incantations for rain. He is a Christian. If I ruled you, you should do all these things."

When Khama rode back again into his town he saw men and women lying drunk under the eaves of their huts and others reeling along the road. At night the sounds of chants and drinking dances rose on the air.

His anger was terrible. For once he lost his temper. He seized a burning torch and running to the hut of Khamane set fire to the roof and burned the house down over his drunken brother's head. He ordered all the beer that had been brewed to be seized, and poured it out upon the veldt. He knew that he was fighting a fiercer enemy than the Matabele, a foe that would throttle his tribe and destroy all his people if he did not conquer it. The old men of the tribe muttered against him and plotted his death. He met them face to face. His eyes flashed.

"When I was still a lad," he said, "I used to think how I would govern my town and what kind of a kingdom it should be. One thing I determined, I would not rule over a drunken town or people. I WILL NOT HAVE DRINK IN THIS TOWN. If you must have it you must go."

4. The Fight with the White man's "Fire-water."

Khama had conquered for the moment. But white men, Englishmen, came to the town. They

set up stores. And in the stores they began to sell brandy from large casks.

The drinking of spirits has more terrible effects on the African than even on white men. Once he starts drinking, the African cannot stop and is turned into a sot. Our own commerce has been responsible to a terrible extent for sending out the "fire-water" to Africa.

Khama called them together.

"It is my desire," he said, "that no strong drink shall be sold in my town."

"We will not bring the great casks of brandy," they replied, "but we hope you will allow us to have cases of bottles as they are for medicine."

"I consent," said Khama, "but there must be no drunkenness."

"Certainly," the white men replied, "there shall be no drunkenness."

In a few days one of the white traders had locked himself into his house in delirium, naked and raving. Morning after morning Khama rose before daybreak to try and get to the man when he was sober, but all the time he was drunk. Then one morning this man gathered other white men together in a house and they sat drinking and then started fighting one another.

A boy ran to Khama to tell him. The chief went to the house and strode in. The room was a wreck. The men lay senseless with their white shirts stained with blood.

Khama with set, stern face turned and walked to the house where he often went for counsel, the home of his friend, Mr Hepburn, the missionary. Mr Hepburn lay ill with fever. Khama told him what the white men had done. Hep-

burn burned with shame and anger that his own fellow-countrymen should so disgrace themselves. Ill as he was he rose and went out with the chief and saw with his own eyes that it was as Khama said.

"I will clear them all out of my town," cried the chief.

It was Saturday night.

5. Khama's Decisive Hour.

On the Monday morning Khama sent word to all the white men to come to him. It was a cold, dreary day. The chief sat waiting in the *Kgotla*¹ while the white men came together before him. Hepburn, the missionary, sat by his side. Those who knew Khama saw as soon as they looked into his grim face that no will on earth could turn him from his decisions that day.

"You white men,"² he said to them sternly, "have insulted and despised me in my own town because I am a black man. If you despise us black men, what do you want here in the country that God has given to us? Go back to your own country."

His voice became hard with a tragic sternness.

"I am trying," he went on, "to lead my people to act according to the word of God which we have received from you white people, and yet *you* show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You," and his voice rose in burning scorn, "you, the people of the word of God! You

¹ The chief's open-air enclosure for official meetings.

² These are Khama's own words taken down at the time by Hepburn.

know that some of my own brothers"—he was referring to Khamane especially—"have learned to like the drink, and you know that I do not want them to see it even, that they may forget the habit. Yet you not only bring it in and offer it to them, but you try to tempt me with it.

"I make an end of it to-day. Go! Take your cattle and leave my town and *never come back again!*"

No man moved or spoke. They were utterly shamed and bewildered. Then one white man, who had lived in the town since he was a lad, pleaded with Khama for pity as an old friend.

"You," said the chief with biting irony, "my friend? You—the ring-leader of those who despise my laws. You are my worst enemy. You pray for pity? No! for you I have no pity. It is my duty to have pity on my people over whom God placed me, and I am going to show them pity to-day; and that is my duty to them and to God. . . . Go!"

And they all went.

Then the chief ordered in his young warriors and huntsmen.

"No one of you," he said, "is to drink beer." Then he called a great meeting of the whole town. In serried masses thousand upon thousand the Bamangwato faced their great chief. He lifted up his voice:

"I, Khama, your chief, order that you shall not make beer. You take the corn that God has given to us in answer to our prayers and you

destroy it. Nay, you not only destroy it, but you make stuff with it that causes mischief among you."

There was some murmuring.

His eyes flashed like steel.

"You can kill me," he said, "but you cannot conquer me."

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6. The Black Prince to-day.

To-day (1916) if you ride as a guest toward Khama's town, as you come in sight of the great stone church that the chief has built, you will see tearing across the African plain a whirlwind of dust. It races toward you. You hear the soft thunder of hoofs in the loose soil. The horses are almost upon you, when—with a hand of steel—chief Khama reins in his charger and his body-guard pull up behind him.

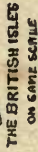
He is over eighty years old, grey and wrinkled; but he springs from his horse, without help, to greet you—still Khama, the Antelope. He stands there, the splendid chief of the Bamangwato—"steel-true, blade-straight." He is the Black Prince of Africa,—who has indeed won his spurs against the enemies of his people.

And if you were to ask him the secret of the power by which he has done these things, Khama the silent, who is not used to boasting, would no doubt lead you at dawn to the *Kgotla* before his huts. There at every sunrise he gathers his people together for their morning prayers at the feet of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain

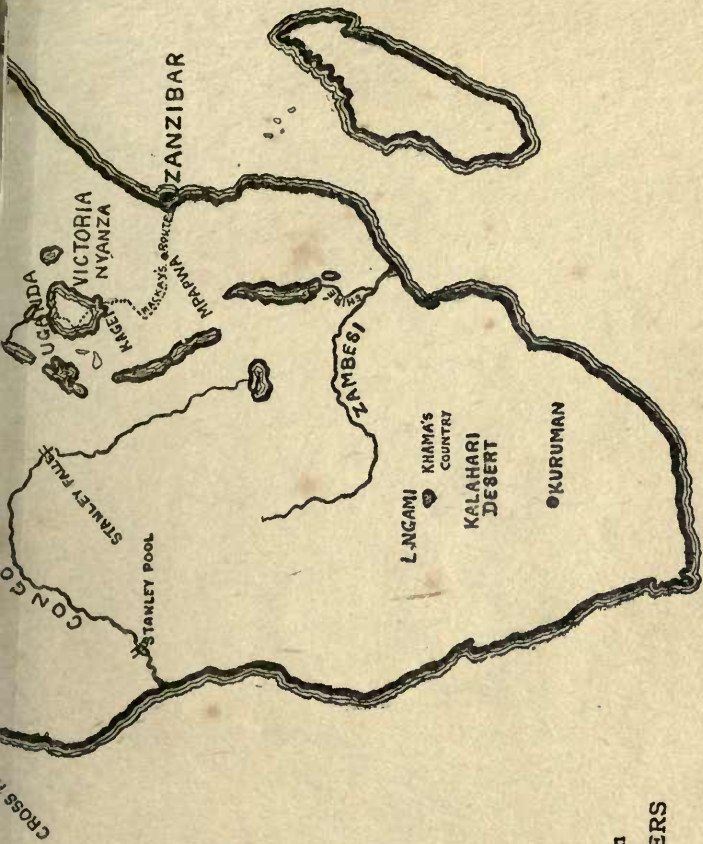
and King of our Great Crusade for the saving of Africa.

A new attempt has been recently made by traders to force spirits on the Bamangwato, and Khama has to face afresh the fight, not against people of his own blood but against the greed of white men who wish to make money by destroying the African. Ask the boys what they feel should be the ideal of the British Empire. Is it simply to make money for the white man or is it finally for the good of the governed? Is not our task (whether as trader, civil servant, soldier or missionary) to free Africa?





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